SIR WILLIAM DORIEN.

Drfojna Rajál. 1827

A DOMESTIC STORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

MARGIANA; OR, WIDDRINGTON TOWER.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1812.

SIR WILLIAM DORIEN.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. I.

Perilous Adventures.

THE life we led in this dreary confinement proved so tedious to our active minds, that nothing but the hope of a speedy exchange of prisoners could have supported our spirits under it. We were never suffered to move beyond the two apartments whereof that story of the tower consisted, in one of which we slept, excepting once a-day, when the silent and solemn Spaniard, who acted

the part of our gaoler, took us up a few winding steps to the extreme height of the building, where, upon the battlements, we enjoyed comparative liberty and fresh air.

Though of a taciturnity which no circumstance ever induced him to violate, this man did not treat us unkindly; on the contrary, he seemed willing to grant us any little indulgence not inconsistent with his duty. Our beds were comfortable, our food wholesome; and upon me he bestowed a favour, which rendered our captivity less irksome to myself than it was to my companions—namely, the use of writing materials. With these I could always find tolerable amusement, and was enabled to keep a register of time: but on the point most interesting to us, that of escape, we were all equally

hopeless.

hopeless. Our heavy door was always carefully locked; and though the bars of our window were wide enough to admit the largest of us between them, their height above the ground, and the smoothness of the stones on that side of the tower, down to the very base, precluded all chance of emancipation that way. At a time we least thought of it, however, Providence sent us the most welcome assistance.

One night, after we had been confined about seven weeks, as I was lying awake upon the bed that Griffiths and I shared between us, I heard a very singular noise proceeding from the outer room that we inhabited during the daytime; it resembled the sound produced by the boring of a carpenter's wimble, and continued so long that I awoke my companion; and

we both listened very attentively, till, unable to restrain our curiosity, we softly arose, and, with great caution, stepped into the other apartment, where we found that the noise came from the bottom of the door which confined us. Upon hearing it now more plainly, we were convinced it was occasioned by a workman's tool, and, kneeling down near the place, intently waited the event. A bright moon shone in through the door-way leading into the inner room, by the light of which we presently discerned the end of the iron instrument; but it was immediately withdrawn, and a round hole appeared; and presently after a piece of paper rolled up was thrust through it. Frank drew it out; and next, to our inexpressible joy, the end of a rope appeared; this I eagerly seized, and began

to

to coil into the room—a delightful employment, which lasted some minutes, for the rope was of considerable length. When I had drawn in the whole of it, the round hole was instantly filled up by a small piece of wood, cut exactly to fit it; and all was still, save that we heard some light footsteps retreating from the door.

Our first impulse was joyfully to embrace each other; after which, going into the brightest of the moonshine, we unrolled the paper, and read these words:—

"I AM an Englishwoman, and love my country, though I am married to a Spaniard. You are Britons, and I furnish you with the means of escape, as soon as I am able to procure them. A

course due westward from hence will bring you into Portugal, where the English are free. God speed you well, and bless all Protestant people. Amen!"

With what delight we invoked a benediction upon our worthy countrywoman, I leave any one to imagine; and also with what alacrity we rouzed our sleeping companions, and bade them hail our approaching deliverance, and seize the present opportunity of effecting it. Without delay we made up little parcels of the few things we had contrived to bring with us; and then, after making one end of the rope very safe to the strongest bar of the window, we debated for a moment which of us should descend first.

A stout youth, named Tomkins, the youngest

youngest of us all, was so eager for this distinction, that we yielded it to him; and accordingly he got out of the window, and firmly grasped the rope, which he suffered to slip through his hands as he descended; but the moon then happening to be behind a dark cloud, we could not distinguish him after he had sunk a few yards; and presently after, finding the rope quite slack, we judged him safe at the bottom, though it had been agreed we should utter no sound, for fear of detection. Frank and I then offered the next turn to the other man; but when he approached the window, his heart failed him, and he drew back: accordingly Frank sprang forward, and descended so rapidly, that I soon prepared to follow him—for our faint hearted comrade was still afraid to venture.

"Surely, my lad," said I, "you will follow us when we are all gone, or your solitary confinement will be dismal indeed." I shook him by the hand, but he seemed bewildered, and spoke not a word; so I left him, seized the rope, and began to let myself down.

I had descended a very little way, when the friction against my hands made them so sore, that, fearful of not being able to endure it long enough, I increased the velocity of my motion; but, with dismay, found that I had reached the end of the rope, while still at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. Honest Griffiths, who stood anxiously waiting below, bade me, in an undertone, be cautious, and he would endeavour to break my fall. He did so, by strongly fixing his back to the wall of the

the tower, and stretching out his arms, into which I threw myself, and came down unhurt. "Hush!" whispered he. "No noise! Poor Tomkins, I believe, has broken his neck, and had I not fallen upon him, I might have fared as ill."

Shocked as I was, I made no answer. We silently raised Tomkins, and finding he was not dead, agreed it would be inhuman to leave him there, and resolved to carry him off as well as we could.

"Why comes not the lubber we left behind?" said Frank; "were he here, we should have force, and to spare."

We waited, in hopes of seeing the coward descend; but soon, to their total extinction, beheld the rope drawn up again.

"Blast him!" cried Griffiths, forget-

ting his caution. "Come, Dick, let's heave up poor Tom, and be going."

We did so, and proceeded with him, as nimbly as we were able, towards the quarter where we had always observed the setting sun, till, about a mile from the tower, we were befriended by a thicket, where, creeping amongst the bushes, we deposited our load, and had the patience to sit by him till he so far recovered from the effects of his fall, as to be able to go on with us. The poor fellow's gratitude was without bounds, and we heartily rejoiced to find he had received no material injury; but we gave little time to discourse; and setting off again, we ran and walked a considerable way before daybreak, when, striking into a deep wood, where was abundance of

of wild fruit, we determined to rest there, for our greater security, till evening.

The next night we advanced in the same manner, without being alarmed by any pursuit; and on the following morning ventured into a poor village, where we received some scraps of provisions, which, though insufficient to appease our hunger, contributed, with sleep, to recruit our strength.

Thus we continued to make our way, more and more cheered by the prospect of reaching Portugal in safety, and obtaining relief from the English residents in Lisbon; sometimes receiving copious charity, and at others very scanty fare; until, on the seventh day after our escape from the tower, a lamentable disaster befel us.

We were traversing the southern part

of the province of Estremadura, and were some miles east of Badajos, when we reached the brink of one of those streams that swell the large river Guadiana. It was a mountain torrent, not broad, but foaming with great impetuosity. Finding it too deep for wading, we pulled off some of our clothes, and thrust them into our bundles, which we made fast to the tops of our heads, and then plunged in to swim over where the stream shewed least fury. Nearly overwhelmed with the weight of water, I could only attend to my own safety, which, for some time, I thought doubtful: at length, with infinite difficulty, I reached the opposite shore, but discovered, that during my struggles with the torrent, I had lost my bundle. A much greater misfortune, however, became immediately apparent.

Turning

Turning round to assist my companions, I perceived they had been borne down the stream a considerable way, to where it was infinitely more impetuous than at the place I had swam across. Poor Tomkins disappeared as soon as I saw him; but Griffiths continued struggling hard, uttering a cry of anguish. I ran along the bank to save my friend, but being miserably impeded by the briars in my way, and the windings of the brook, when I reached the spot where I had beheld him, he was no longer to be seen! I continued my way, nevertheless, till, with a degree of agony I am unable to express, I found my progress checked by the river Guadiana itself, and could no longer doubt the unfortunate fate of my worthy kinsman. I am not ashamed to own that I threw myself down on the

grass,

grass, and burst into a violent flood of tears. My grief lasted till it was observed by some country people, who seeming more disposed to gratify curiosity than exercise compassion, their notice importuned me, and I arose and left them, feeling my heart almost broken for the loss of honest Griffiths.

Pursuing my melancholy way, and guided by the course of the river, after some dreary hours of march I arrived, through Talaveriella, at Badajos, so exhausted with sorrow and fatigue, that I sunk down at the door of a small public-house at the entrance of the town. The mistress of it, fortunately for me, was standing at the door, and observed my miserable condition. Though my appearance gave no promise of repayment, she humanely ordered me to be carried

into

into an outhouse, where some food was brought me, before indeed I was capable of swallowing it, for my heart was bursting; and the image of poor Frank, now rising for an instant above the water, and now concealed by the billows, as they dashed him over the huge stones, and hurried him dreadfully along to the fatal river, was never for a moment from before my sight. My affliction brought on a fever, and I wished not for assistance, feeling my life of no value; yet the care of the worthy landlady recovered me. She has, doubtless, before now received her charity's reward!

In time I was able slowly to prosecute my journey to Lisbon; and at length, having rather gained than diminished my strength upon the road, I reached that city, late on a gloomy November evening:

ing: but I found not here the hospitality I had met with at Badajos. I was repulsed from several wretched-looking inns, and bade to seek my countrymen if I wanted relief. These it was too late to seek for that night. Having obtained, therefore, a morsel of coarse bread and a piece of meat from a good-natured friar, who beheld me with pity, I sought only for a retired corner in some obscure street, where I might rest undisturbed till morning, when I resolved to apprize some English merchant of my forlorn case.

I soon found such a place as I wished for, in a wide and lonely street, that was no thoroughfare, and was formed by only a few houses, each having a long garden wall that connected them together. Before the front of the farthest house was a

quantity

quantity of straw, seeming as if furniture had lately been unpacked there; I drew it together into a heap, in the remotest corner of the street, and throwing myself down upon it, after having eaten my humble fare, soon sunk into a profound sleep.

From this I was awakened in the middle of the night, by a sudden glare from a lanthorn, which flashed across my eyes, and looking up, I plainly discovered a man getting over the garden-wall, opposite to me, from the street; while another, standing below, held up the light to assist him. He who ascended the wall presently disappeared, and the other continued walking to and fro, and sometimes sitting down, as if waiting his return.

This scene lasted near an hour, when a low signal was given from the garden,

and

and the man who waited instantly started up and held the lanthorn, as before; while his companion, who now reappeared upon the top of the wall, descended hastily from it. He wore a long cloak, which in his action happening to open, discovered the rich dress of a grandee. As soon as he was in the street, he wrapped his cloak closely around him, and walked away at a quick pace with his attendant.

I was not a loss to conjecture the meaning of this adventure. The person I had seen was no robber, but, probably, the lover of some lady in the house. I laid, considering whether I could possibly turn the discovery I had made to my own advantage—a pardonable design, surely, in my situation—till the break of day, when I had determined to acquaint the master

of

of the opposite house with the nocturnal visit which had been paid, in hopes of being recompensed for my information. With this view I resolved to stay where I was, till it was likely he should be stirring; and it was fortunate for me I did so; for the first slanting ray of the sun directed my attention to something that sparkled very bright on the opposite side of the pavement, just where the hero of the preceding adventure had dropped from the garden-wall. I went to it, and taking it up, discovered a very rich jewel —a small crucifix of diamonds, set round with other precious stones, and behind it a coat of arms, with a coronet, and the cypher I. G. A.

Here was a credential of the utmost importance to me, as it would probably enable me to render service either to a

father,

father, or an injured husband, by an ample discovery; since I could not doubt the jewel had been lost by the person I had noticed.

I was indulging the hope that now inspired me, when, the door of the house opening, a servant man, with a pitcher in his hand, came out to draw water at a neighbouring fountain, and as he passed by me, I again thought myself highly in Fortune's favour, when I heard him singing to himself that well-known song, so grateful to a British ear—*God save the king!* "An Englishman!" cried I, turning round in an ecstacy. The man stopped, looked earnestly at me, and, after a pause, said—"Aye, to be sure!"

"Lord bless your English face!" said I, "can you help me to the speech of your master? Is he English too?"

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied the man, "we be all English at our house; but what do you want with master?"

I said I had a communication of importance to make to him, and inquired his name.

"Why, there be two masters like of them," answered my new acquaintance; "that is, two partners; but I belongs to the old one, Mr. Dunford."

"And has he a large family?" I asked.

"Nay, only one daughter; and t'other partner is Mr. Trefusis."

I now began to feel the ground I stood upon; and again saying I had business of moment to impart, the servant consented to admit me into the house; and I followed him in, and through several passages, to the door of a room, where, advancing before me, I heard him say—

"Mr.

"Mr. Lawson, if you please, here is a young Englishman, who wants to see my master."

Mr. Lawson bade him shew me in, and I saw two young men sitting at a double-fronted desk, who, from their appearance, I judged to be clerks; and, indeed, the room they were in was evidently a counting-house.

"What business have you with Mr. Dunford, pray?" said the elder of them, in the same voice I had heard before.

I made answer, I believed it was in my power to render him an essential service, and therefore wished to see him without delay.

"He never refuses to see an Englishman," replied Mr. Lawson; "and you, by your seaman's trowsers, appear to belong to the service. Go, Perkins," continued

tinued he, to the other clerk, "go and acquaint Mr. Dunford with this young man's request."

Perkins immediately complying, Mr. Lawson civilly bade me sit down, and asked if it was long since I left England? Encouraged by his affability, I gave him a little sketch of my story, until my arrival at Lisbon, where, I said, being used to book-keeping, I wished I could obtain a situation in any merchant's house.

"Let us see what you can do in that way," said he; "perhaps it may be in my power to befriend you. Will you enter this page of accounts into my ledger, that I may judge of your abilities?"

Rejoiced at having such an opportunity offered me of displaying them, I readily did as he desired me, and wrote with a freedom and correctness that drew forth

forth his commendation; and also with such rapidity, that when Perkins returned, I had nearly finished the page.

"Mr. Dunford," said the latter, "will see this honest man immediately; and desires that you, Mr. Lawson, will conduct him into the parlour."

"Come then," said Mr. Lawson, to me, "let us lose no time; you seem worth attending to."

Upon this he led the way; and I followed him to a handsome room, where sat an elderly gentleman, of a respectable and benign appearance. He was alone, and looked a good deal surprised at my very forlorn figure; however, in a kind tone, he asked me what I wanted with him? and I, briefly observing I had been taken prisoner by a Spanish man-of-war, and had escaped from my confinement, informed

informed him of my arrival at Lisbon the night before, and accidentally taking up my place of rest in the front of his house, from whence I had seen what I then proceeded with more detail to relate.

On my first mention of a man scaling his garden wall, Mr. Dunford became a good deal agitated, and looked earnestly at Lawson, whom he had detained in the apartment; and when I concluded my narrative, and produced the diamond crucifix, he took it eagerly out of my hand, and examined it with very close attention.

"Lawson," said he, "this affair is plain enough. Look here; this jewel speaks for its owner. If I could have doubted our night intruder being the marquis of Almadonas, his arms and cypher would

establish the fact. See, an J. G. A. His Christian names are Juan Garcias."

"Sir," said Mr. Lawson, "there can be no question it was him; and, judging now from some other circumstances that occur to my recollection, I do not hesitate to believe that this youth has rendered you a very *timely* service."

"What do you mean, Lawson?" said Mr. Dunford.

"Sir, I observed Miss Dunford's maid very much fluttered the whole of yesterday, and busied in carrying up various empty boxes from the warehouse to her young lady's room, some of which she brought back again, but kept the rest. They were most suitable for packing clothes in, and I asked her if she was going to quit her service. 'Oh dear, no, Mr. Lawson,'

Lawson,' she replied, 'no such thing; but I may be upon the eve of a journey, for all that.' I made her no answer, nor did I think any more of her words till now, when their meaning seems abundantly explained."

"Indeed," cried Mr. Dunford, rising from his chair, and walking about the room with considerable agitation, "I have no doubt of it. There has been a plot to rob me of my daughter, and but for this honest fellow, it would have been carried into execution, perhaps immediately; but I will find means to derange their scheme; and as for him, he shall be handsomely rewarded. Take him down to your office for the present, and come back to me, Lawson; I shall want to consult with you."

Mr. Lawson and I then left the room,

and he led me back to Mr. Perkins, telling me, that as soon as his master dismissed him, he should return to breakfast, and invited me to partake of that meal with himself and the other clerk. I inwardly blessed Heaven for my good fortune, yet regretted, with a heavy sigh, that it could not be shared by poor Frank Griffiths.

In less than an hour Mr. Lawson returned. He said not a word of the affair in question before Mr. Perkins; but after we had breakfasted he took me into another room, and told me, that if I was desirous of staying for awhile in Mr. Dunford's family, he had secured me a situation that, at least, might lead to better things.

"You have served my master in such a manner," said he, "as his worthy heart will

will never forget. By taking decisive measures, he has discovered the whole of a project which you gave him the first intimation of. On my going to him the second time, I met Miss Dunford's maid in the passage, and took her in with me; seeing us enter together, he locked the door, and so terrified her, that she presently confessed her young lady last night laid the plan of her elopement for two o'clock to-morrow morning, with the marquis of Almadonas. Any further conversation with her being needless, he immediately gave orders for his carriage to be brought to the door, and sent me to his daughter with a message, that not being very well, he purposed driving to Cintra for an airing, and wished she would give him her company. Miss

Dunford complying, of course, was soon ready to attend her father, who left the maid carefully locked up; and I am now going, by his orders, to release her, pay her wages, and turn her out of the house. In the meantime, Mr. Dunford, instead of driving to Cintra, is now posting to his country-house near Torres Vedras, a long day's journey from hence, where he will leave the young lady, under the care of her former governess, an acute old gentlewoman, whose vigilance, she knows, it is not easy to deceive; and he will return here to-morrow, when, he bade me tell you, he expects to find you comfortably established for the present: for, upon my acquainting him with your knowledge of accounts, he consented, at my request, that you should assist Mr.

Perkins

Perkins and myself, and directed me to present you with five double pistoles, to procure some better clothing."

I could scarcely find words to express to Mr. Lawson the gratitude I felt for the liberal benevolence of his superior, and for his own kind offices; neither would he suffer me to proceed.

"Come, come," said he, "you have conferred a greater obligation upon Mr. Dunford than you are aware of, and one he will hardly ever think he has made you a sufficient return for. He perfectly doats upon his daughter, who being his only child, will have a prodigious fortune; and his heart has long been bent upon marrying her to his partner, Mr. Trefusis, who indeed is a worthy character, and deserves her; whereas, the marquis, from whom you have been the

means of preserving her, is a needy man, of the most abandoned habits, and of no morals whatever. Mr. Dunford too is strongly attached to the Protestant religion, and, I believe, would as soon follow his child to the grave, as consent to her union with a Catholic. When you consider all this, you may make yourself quite easy; therefore come with me, and we will soon have you properly equipped. I am going, by Mr. Dunford's orders, to the marquis's hotel, to restore his jewels to him; I will take you with me, and shew you some shops by the way, where you may be readily provided with all you want."

What a change was here in my situation! I committed myself wholly to the guidance of my new friend: and when Mr. Dunford returned from his country-

house,

house, he found me decently clothed, and seated at a desk in his office, assisting his clerks, and anxious to discharge some part of the debt I felt I owed him. He spoke very kindly to me, and I loved him for his affection for his daughter, which, angry as he was at her conduct, broke out at every sentence.

"I shall take effectual methods," said he, "to prevent the marquis from gaining any future access to her ear; but, much as I dislike the man, and deprecate the thoughts of a connexion with him, I cannot blame so natural a sentiment as his passion for Isabella, who is indeed the sweetest girl in the world, independent of all parental partiality."

Shortly after, Mr. Lawson informed me, by his directions, that it would be my own fault if I did not establish myself in

 a permanent

a permanent situation; for that Mr. Perkins, the under clerk, having proved himself very incompetent to the business required of him, and being moreover of a negligent and dissipated turn, the partners were unanimous for his dismission; and that if I applied myself closely to understand the nature of their trade, Mr. Dunford intended making me an offer to succeed him.

This was an unlooked-for stimulus to my industry, and so powerfully it operated, that before I had been three months in Mr. Dunford's family, I became second clerk, with a salary not greatly inferior to that of Mr. Lawson, and lived a very happy life, finding always a steady friend in that worthy young man, and two masters, in Mr. Dunford and Mr. Trefusis, who were naturally disposed to view every

endeavour

endeavour to serve them with an indulgent eye.

All this time Miss Dunford continued to reside in the country, whither her father and Mr. Trefusis made frequent excursions; indeed so frequent, that, at length, the object was obtained, with a view to which, I believe, they were undertaken. The young lady either became sensible of the merits of her father's choice, or she grew weary of her confinement; whatever was her inducement, she, after a few necessary hesitations and difficulties, returned a favourable answer to the repeated offer of Mr. Trefusis; and no sooner was her assent notified, in form, than she was brought back by her fond father to Lisbon.

Then, for the first time, I beheld "the sweetest girl in the world," for whom the

marquis of Almadonas had scaled the garden-wall, and whose charms had obliterated from the memory of Mr. Trefusis her former misconduct. Mr. Dunford, as soon as he had handed her into the house, seeing me at the door, said to me, in a tone of triumph—"Milloughby, you have never yet seen my daughter; I will now introduce you to her; there she sits. You will no longer wonder at my partiality for her."

Saying this, he directed my attention to a little swarthy figure, sitting, in a conceited attitude, upon the sofa, with a mean countenance, and an insignificant person, and destitute of every external advantage, excepting a fine set of teeth, and large black eyes, which she derived from her mother, who had been a Portuguese. She received my humble salutation with

scornful

scornful indifference, and I retired, fully persuaded that her pride and ill-temper would make Mr. Trefusis dearly pay for his prospect of inheriting her father's fortune.

In about a month after, the marriage took place, when, the term of the partnership being expired, Mr. Trefusis confined himself to one particular branch of the trade, and removed to another house in the neighbourhood. In the following year, Mr. Dunford thought proper to make Mr. Lawson his acting partner, and I was then advanced to the office of head clerk, with a most liberal advance of salary.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A Highwayman.

THE era of my entering Mr. Dunford's house was the commencing point of all my good fortune, which has flowed upon me with an uninterrupted series ever since. I had great opportunities of improving my circumstances, over and above the profits of my clerkship, by trading frequently on my own account, under the favour and by the advice of Mr. Dunford and his new partner; so that, at the expiration of seven years, I found myself master of a very respectable capital.

At

At this period, Mrs. Trefusis having lost several children, each of them very soon after its birth, took it into her fancy that the climate of Portugal did not agree with her; and the inclinations of her husband to settle in England happening to coincide with her own, their removal was soon determined upon; the rather, as, by dealing with his father-in-law, Mr. Trefusis could carry on the business of the wine-trade with equal profit in London. But, upon this occasion, he thought it advisable that *he* also should have a partner; and Mr. Dunford and Mr. Lawson, unknown to me, recommended him to make me the offer. He did so; and, loth as I was to leave friends for whom I felt the warmest affection, I could not be so blind to my own interest as to reject them. Besides that, I had the

prospect

prospect of future voyages to Lisbon, in the way of trade, which would enable me to see them again. The articles of partnership were accordingly drawn up; and, after a residence of seven years and a half in Portugal, I embarked, with Mr. and Mrs. Trefusis, on board an English packet, which, after a speedy passage, landed us all safely at Falmouth.

We proceeded without delay to London, where, an entire new world being presented to me, I thankfully acceded to the kind proposal of Mr. Trefusis, to reside with him, as soon as he should have procured himself a house. Till that purpose was accomplished, he and Mrs. Trefusis took up their abode with his mother, a respectable widow lady, who lived with her two daughters; and I had lodgings near them.

My

My first concern was to write to my parents, from whom I had frequently heard during the first four years of my stay at Lisbon, but never since then, though I had written various letters to them.

In a fortnight's time Mr. Trefusis removed to a large and commodious house in Lombard-street, where two rooms were appropriated to my separate use, and I became happily domesticated in a family with which the charms and pleasant conversation of the eldest Miss Trefusis, soon made me wish for a still closer union. Her mother, influenced by the favourable account she had received of me from her son, afforded me all reasonable encouragement, though, at the same time, she gave me to understand I had a rival, in the person of a young merchant, named Richardson,

Richardson, who had for some time paid his addresses to her eldest daughter, though hitherto without success. This made me redouble my endeavours to render myself agreeable to the young lady; and, after a moderate interval of time, I had so much cause to hope I had created an interest in her heart, that I hazarded a proposal, which was most graciously received. Anxious, however, to see my parents before I married, and not hearing from them, I determined to revisit the almost-forgotten scenes of my childhood.

After waiting more than a sufficient period for receiving their answer to my letter, I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Trefusis for three weeks, intending to perform my journey on horseback, as the pleasantest mode of travelling in the

spring of the year; and bade so tender a farewell to the young lady I loved, as must have put my sentiments towards her out of all doubt. She, on her side, expressed her cordial good wishes, in terms the most flattering; and I set forward with a cheerfulness of hope, that was only checked by the alarm my father's and mother's silence impressed me with.

As I approached the place of their abode, this sensation became more and more uneasy. It was several years since I had heard from them, and I became melancholy, when I reflected on the changes that might have befallen them.

It was in the month of April I performed this journey, and I was one evening pursuing it within a few miles of Brecon, and slowly riding, wrapped in thought, on the banks of the river Hond-

hy,

by, when, from the opposite side of the road, a man upon horseback suddenly issued from a thick wood, and presenting a pistol at my breast, bade me deliver my watch and money. I was very unwilling to be searched, having notes about me to the amount of a hundred pounds, which I intended as a present to my parents; and therefore readily telling him I would do my best to satisfy him, gave him my watch, and was proceeding to collect all my loose cash, when, as I requested he would turn aside his pistol, since it might chance to go off without his intending it, I caught a view of a countenance so remarkable, that I was induced to look steadily at him. Though a young man, he had lost two upper teeth in the front of his mouth, and one of those next to the vacancy projected in

a very extraordinary manner. Besides this, he had a deep scar near the corner of his left eye, and a high aquiline nose, which I could not but fancy had once been familiar to me. My observations rendering my actions slow, he gave me a hearty curse, and bade me be quick, in an accent which so strongly proclaimed him a Welchman, that it instantly assisted my memory to recollect him.

"Good Heavens!" said I, "Bob Davies, is it you? I am grieved to find you at this work. Do you not know me? Have you forgotten Dick Milloughby?"

"Dick Milloughby!" exclaimed he; "the devil you are! This is a fetch, to save your money." However, he dropped his pistol.

"No, indeed," I replied, "I do not impose upon you; and, to convince you,

I could

I could relate all the particulars of my friendship for you at my father's school, and our last parting in the wood, when you rode off with old Morgan's ass."

"Aye," said he, "that poor fellow died, I suppose, of his fall; and you may be thankful I do not shoot you, to prevent your saying I killed him. But I am not so bad as many of my trade; and, what's more, I can shew a kindness to an old school-mate; for I now see by your features that you are really Dick Milloughby. So take your watch again—I wont rob you; and if you meet with any of my lads further on, I'll tell you what to say to them, to avoid being molested. Pull off your hat, and cry—'Gentlemen, good night to you; the moon shines bright.' They will give you no more trouble after that."

I thanked

I thanked my respectable old acquaintance for his information; and then, though he was manifestly in haste to be gone, asked him if he had been lately in the neighbourhood of Haverfordwest, or knew any thing of my father and mother?

"No," replied he; "I do not frequent that country much, as you may suppose, and have not heard of them these many years. But farewell—I have no time to waste at present in talking."

"Stay, however, one moment, Davies," said I, "while I exhort you to quit this wretched life, and even offer you the means of doing it. Since I last saw you, I have been in Portugal, and made a handsome fortune in trade, which I am still pursuing, and am now established in London; abandon this perilous and

wicked

wicked profession, and I will provide for you, by giving you honest employment, whereby you may soon and safely acquire a competence."

He looked very steadfastly at me, as if, at first, suspicious of a snare; but judging of my sincerity by my countenance, he held out his hand, and, with some little emotion, said—"Dick, thou'rt an honest fellow, and I thank thee kindly; but thou must not trust me yet. I am not tired of my calling, and have some honest fellows, who look up to me as their captain—I cannot desert them; but if ever I should be in distress, wilt thou pass thy word to help me?"

"I will—so far as putting you in the way of an honest trade."

"Then tell me where thou art to be found."

"Trefusis

"Trefusis and Milloughby, wine merchants, Lombard-street."

"That's enough. Fare thee well, Dick, and the Lord prosper thee!"

As he ended these words, he leaped back over the fence into the wood again, and I immediately lost sight of him. "Poor wretch!" thought I, "it would, perhaps, be a mercy to stop thy sinful career, by raising the country now, to take thee; but after the offer I have made, and which thou mayst sometime accept, I cannot do it."

I rode quietly on, therefore, forgetful of the caution I had received, till, about three miles further, I was reminded of it by two footpads, whom I met walking along the road—one of whom laid hold of my horse's head, while the other made the usual demand. It was then beginning

to be very dark, and I could not at all distinguish their faces. However, pulling off my hat, I said—"Gentlemen, good night to you; the moon shines bright."

"Another of his tricks, and be d——d to him!" cried the fellow who first stopped me, letting the bridle drop; "if he is not turning soft, I'll be hanged."

I did not stay to argue the point with them, conceiving they might, perchance, not act upon the old adage, *that there is honour amongst thieves;* and, therefore, spurring into a brisk trot, soon reached Brecon in safety; where, during the greatest part of the night, my reflections were divided between the parents I soon hoped to see, and my unfortunate former schoolfellow.

I arrived, without any further accident,

a few

a few days after, at Haverfordwest, and putting up my horse at an inn, which I found kept by people I had no recollection of, proceeded immediately on foot to the street where my father's house stood; but as I approached the place, it was in vain I looked around for those objects I had been accustomed to behold; it was in vain I strove to recal to my mind such as were now presented to my view. Having traversed several streets twice over, to no purpose, I at length spoke to a very old man, who was sitting on a bench before his door, concluding from his age, that if he had been long an inhabitant of the town, he might be able to give me the information I wanted. Upon his telling me his name, I remembered him to have been a day-labourer, occasionally employed by my father in fen-

cing a small enclosure, where he kept his cow and a Welch poney; and making myself known, the old man sorrowfully shook his head, so as to fill me with apprehensions of what I was to hear.

"Ah, master," said he, "here have been sad alterations since you left Haverford. Your worthy father died three years and five months ago, and your mother followed him to the grave not long after; but you need not grieve for that—because why, you was a good son to them, and what you sent them from beyond seas made them live comfortably and happily to the last. Our parson, good Mr. Jones, wrote you a letter when your mother died, to tell you all about it—but, likely, it never reached you, for you kept sending money still, which he gave amongst the poor, at hard winter-time;

time; and he wrote again, and still he got no answer from you."

"But my sisters?" cried I, hastily; "what is become of them?"

"The Lord knows," answered the old man; "they have not been heard of here for this year and more. Your eldest sister, Grace, went into service long ago to a gentlewoman who was travelling through these parts, and was *took* ill at the inn; and, having no servant-maid, Grace went to tend her, and pleased the lady so well, that when she got better, they travelled away together, and went to London: and, after a while, Gracy wrote word to your other sister, that she had got a good situation for her too, with the old lady's daughter, and she must come to London and all. So Mercy went next, and that was three-quarters of a

year ago, and I have never heard any more *tell* of them since. And last summer they pulled your father's house down, and all that row of cottages on each side of it, and built a fine street; but, for my part, I liked the old street better."

Heaving a deep sigh at this melancholy and unsatisfactory intelligence, I asked old Williams if he knew whereabouts in the church-yard my father and mother were buried?

"Lord love you," said he, "they had plenty of money when they died, and so there's a handsome gravestone over them, just as you go in at the west-door of the church; you cannot miss seeing it."

I then gave him a small sum, which I promised should be an annual present to him; and, glad to be alone, went to the church-

church-yard, where I soon discovered what I was in search of. After some time spent there, I returned, in no very cheerful mood, to the inn; and next morning waited on Mr. Jones, the clergyman, hoping I might from him gather some farther particulars of my sisters; but he could do no more than repeat what I had already heard from Williams, which determined me to stay no longer at Haverford than was necessary on account of my horse, which had brought me so long a journey.

After a space of three or four days, therefore, and a few recognitions of old acquaintances, I set forward upon my return to London, intending there to make every possible inquiry after my sisters; though, unfortunately, I had not been able to learn, either from Mr. Jones, or

the people of the inn, the name of the lady to whom Grace had engaged herself.

The evening was far advanced when I arrived in Lombard-street, and I found only servants in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Trefusis being both at the play. Fatigued with my journey, I did not choose to sit up until their return, and therefore saw them not before the following morning; when, upon coming down to breakfast, I discovered Mrs. Trefusis in the sitting-parlour: without relaxing from her habitually cold manner, she said I was welcome back to London, and condescended to ask how I had left my parents; but she received my answer as a matter of indifference. I then inquired after her husband's family, and particularly after Miss Trefusis?

"She

"She is very well," replied she, "allowing for the excessive gaieties she has been engaged in ever since her sister's wedding."

"How!" said I, "has Miss Lucy married since I left London?"

"Lucy! no—indeed I forgot when I spoke. I am sorry to report ill news, but somebody must tell you.—Lucy is *Miss Trefusis* now; for your late flame, last Monday morning, bestowed her fair hand on Mr. Richardson." I was speechless. "Indeed," continued she, "we were all a little surprised; and the old lady and Trefusis took it into their heads to be mighty angry; but I believe my sister always intended it. Pray have you breakfasted? I vow I am almost famished." So saying, she arose, rang the bell, and then resumed a new comedy she was

reading, as if I had not been present; and indeed I was not guilty of either speech or motion that could remind her of me, so completely thunderstruck was I. In a few minutes her husband entered the room, and shook me cordially by the hand. I endeavoured to return his friendly reception as it merited; but perceiving me unequal to exertion, he kindly forbore any particular notice of me till breakfast was over; when, inviting me into his study, he told me, with a strong expression of feeling, that he was deeply ashamed of his sister's conduct, and hoped it would not lessen my friendship for the rest of the family. He gave me to understand that he suspected Mr. Richardson's addresses had been urged somewhat more coolly than usual, immediately before my acquaintance with Miss Trefusis

took

took place, and that I had been most unhandsomely made use of, to serve as a spur to him upon the occasion. He observed that it was impossible to defend her conduct, and hinted, pretty broadly, that I should do well to forget her, and recollect she had a younger sister. But though this proof of his good-will could not but be agreeable to me, I took no step in consequence of it; for Miss Lucy was a conceited girl I had never liked; and indeed the ill usage I had received disgusted me against all thoughts of marriage. I changed the conversation to the sorrowful result of my journey into Wales, and received enough of commiseration from my friend, to make me forget the unfeeling behaviour of his wife.

Upon my communicating the little I

had heard of my sisters, he recommended me to put an advertisement into several of the daily papers, which, if my sisters were still in London, would probably fall under their notice; and I took his advice; but though I followed it for some time, and even renewed the same endeavours at various times, for years after, no effect whatever resulted from it.

In the meantime, I led a busy and yet a pleasant life. My partner being of a more convivial turn than myself, the chief weight of our business fell upon my shoulders; but, as I loved employment, I made no complaint—which, indeed, from me, raised by Mr. Dunford and by him, as I was, from beggary, would have been base ingratitude.

In course of time I made two voyages to Lisbon; and when I returned from the last

last of them, I had the happiness to be accompanied home by good old Mr. Dunford, who, throwing all his business into Mr. Lawson's hands, resolved to spend the remainder of his days peaceably with his darling daughter. He accordingly established himself in Lombard-street, where, to Mr. Trefusis and myself, he made a valuable addition to our domestic party: but his daughter did not include home and the society of her own family within her ideas of happiness; her taste led her to prefer the public amusements of the fashionable end of the town, and the fashionable circles into which she there found means to introduce herself. As Mr. Dunford's presence obliged her, in some degree, to curb these inclinations, it is probable she did not much rejoice at his becoming an in-

mate

mate of her house; she, however, concealed her sentiments from him with tolerable caution; and his partiality for her aiding the deception, he lived happily with her and her husband for upwards of six years, when an easy death, which he met with pious fortitude and tranquil resignation, closed the existence of this respectable and amiable man.

He left very considerable property, and so large an addition to the fortune of his son-in-law, after various legacies were paid, including the handsome one of five thousand pounds to myself, that Mr. Trefusis, strongly urged thereto by his wife, came to the immediate resolution of retiring from business. He bought, therefore, a good house in Orchard-street, leaving to me the remainder of the lease of that we had hitherto occupied; and I took

took a younger brother of his into partnership with myself.

At this period of my life, the history of one day was that of years. I attended closely to business—I had a steady partner, and good clerks—and wealth flowed rapidly upon me; yet, after the mortification I had received from Miss Trefusis, I never felt induced to make another offer of marriage. I had a little circle of friends, men of my own age, and of similar pursuits, with whom I generally past my evenings, and maintained a constant intercourse with the worthy Trefusis, usually exchanging a dining visit with him once a fortnight. Yet one circumstance, during this interval of calm, occurred, which, as it afforded me particular gratification, I cannot pass over in silence.

After a morning spent in business, I was once returning home to dinner, and had nearly reached my own door, when I saw a very shabby-looking man, disputing, as if for admittance, with my footman, who vainly told him I was not within.

"I will wait for him then," said the other; but trusty John, not liking his appearance, shut the door in his face, just as I approached the steps, and discerned the remarkable features of Bob Davies.

"Is it you?" said I; "what brings you here?"

"Repentance," he replied.

"Come in then, and tell me how I can serve you." I took him into my study, but he would not sit down till he had told his short tale.

"Last year," said he, "in consequence of

of a shot I received, I laid many weeks at Death's door, and narrowly escaped apprehension; that brought me to my senses, and I solemnly swore, if God spared my life, I would resort to you—and now I am come, trusting to your word and honour. If you will give me maintenance, or employment to procure maintenance, I will serve you; if not, remember your promise, and let me go in safety."

"You shall *stay* in safety, Bob," said I; "there are many ways wherein you may serve me, and earn a comfortable subsistence, without being a menial; and to-morrow morning I will set you to work in the wine-vaults. You are not known here—go, therefore, by your own name—deceptions are paltry things."

Davies held out his hand, I gave him mine,

mine, and no other contract was made between us. He served me faithfully for some years, and gradually rose to a place of trust; finally marrying a grocer's widow, in good circumstances, whom he assisted in conducting a well-accustomed shop. He made an excellent husband, and continued a useful member of society as long as I knew him.

I have yet another event to record before I conclude my story.

One evening, after I had spent the day with Mr. Trefusis, in Orchard-street, I was returning home, and the night being fine, instead of taking a coach in Oxford-road (for I always avoided the trouble of having a carriage of my own), I chose to proceed on foot as far as the end of Coventry-street; and there, having my cane in one hand, while with the other

I held

I held the chain of a valuable watch, I called a solitary coach upon the stand. The driver not hearing me, I called again, and at that moment two genteel-looking young men passing by me, one of them said—"Sir, that coachman is very deaf, but if you hold up your hand, he will come directly."

Wholly unsuspicious, I quitted my watch-chain, which I instantly felt in the grasp of the young man; but, being luckily as alert as himself, I seized his hand with both mine, before he had time to transfer the prize to his companion. A violent though short struggle ensued, wherein, though I recovered the possession of my watch, I was thrown in such a manner across the projecting step of a house-door, that I fell against the door itself, and so violently sprained my ancle,

that

that I found I should be unable either to stand, or to contend any longer with the pickpockets.

Thus circumstanced, I had presence of mind to ring the door-bell, and the fellows made another desperate attempt to get the watch, and aimed a blow at my head, which I partly parried with my cane; but the door opening, and a stout fellow appearing in the passage, they took to their heels, leaving me, supporting myself with difficulty against the iron railing. The person from the house asked me what was the matter? and upon my acquainting him, kindly offered me his arm, and desired me to step in till I was more composed; but, even with his assistance, I could not walk; upon which, retiring a few paces down the passage, he called out, in a loud voice—"Cousin

Milloughby,

Milloughby, come down stairs—here's a wounded gentleman at the door, and bid Mercy come too."

"Milloughby!" cried I, "and Mercy! Good Heavens, have I then found my sisters at last!" But the man did not hear me, though he instantly returned; and supporting me till both my sisters came, he then effected my removal into a small parlour, where I sat down, breathless, from a variety of emotions. There was a light in the room, and I gazed at my sisters, till, quite overcome by my feelings, the tears made their way down my cheeks.

"I doubt, sir," said the eldest, "you are sadly hurt?"

"Oh, Grace," said I, "these are tears of joy! I am your brother—I am Richard

Milloughby—and have been in search of you both these many years."

I had no time to say more. The man who had helped me into the room started up from the seat he had taken, next to mine, and, jumping violently into the middle of the floor, flourished his arms over his head, and cried out "Hurrah!" three times, in a voice and with gestures that immediately brought him to my recollection. It was Frank Griffiths, whom I had so long supposed drowned in the Guadiana! What a joyful recognition ensued! My sisters embraced me a thousand times, and Griffiths sung and laughed, and shouted by turns; and every ten minutes gave me, out of his loving-kindness, such blows upon the back, as almost brought me to a level with the carpet.

When

When these transports were somewhat abated, my hurt ancle was attended to, and remedies applied, which relieved the pain and swelling; but I was not suffered to depart that night, the greatest portion of which was spent by us in minutely relating the occurrences that had taken place since our various separations from each other.

My sisters I found had lived in service till within the last two years, when the old lady dying, who had engaged the eldest at Haverford, and had retained her ever since, left her a handsome annuity. Mercy, also, by living in three good families, had acquired a decent competence, which, joined to her sister's annuity, enabled them to take a small house in Coventry-street, the best rooms of which they let out to lodgers.

Frank Griffiths's tale was not so soon related. His preservation appeared to me almost miraculous, and nothing short of seeing him alive could have secured my belief of it.

It seems he had been observed, while impelled by the violence of the stream, by a labouring man, who was carrying a large load of chesnut-tree branches, on the other side of the water, and who, seeing Frank's danger, forcibly threw down his whole burden across the brook, a few yards before him; and then, ere the rushing torrent had carried away this momentary barrier, pulled the poor fellow out, who was become insensible of his danger; and, the ground being on that side marshy, bore him through the tall weeds and rushes, round the abrupt

corner

corner of a thicket, to his own cottage hard by, though out of sight.

Thus had poor Griffiths's life been saved, while I was making my way through the high thorns on the inside of the stream. Not content with this benevolent action, the humane peasant detained his guest till he was perfectly recovered, and then assisted him in searching for Tomkins and myself; but no traces of either appearing, Griffiths concluded we had given him over for lost, and had prosecuted our journey to Lisbon. Thither, accordingly, he hastened; and there he made diligent though fruitless inquiries after us amongst all the English merchants, while I was confined by illness at Badajos. He then went to Oporto, hoping he might hear of us at that great resort of our countrymen; but

being again disappointed, he became convinced Tomkins and I had perished together, and engaged himself to work on board an English ship, bound for the Thames. After that, he voluntarily re-entered his majesty's service—and, with honest pride, he related many an engagement wherein he had borne an active part; till, at length, receiving a wound in his neck, which at times proved very inconvenient, he became desirous of a snug birth in the seaman's haven at Greenwich.

He was advised to apply for a recommendation to a Mr. Luttridge, in Hanover-square; and, accordingly, waiting upon him, the door happened to be opened by my sister Mercy, who was Mrs. Luttridge's own maid. On being told by Frank his name, and business with her

her master, she immediately knew him to be her kinsman; and a conversation ensued between them, which ended in his giving up all thoughts of Greenwich Hospital, and resolving to join his savings to those of his two cousins, who were then in treaty for their house in Coventry-street. "So," pursued he, "we took this tight cabin amongst us; and what with Gracy's legacy, and Mercy's savings, and my savings, we did not begin the world with empty lockers, but had every thing handsome about us at first launching; and here we have lived ever since, and had nought but plain sailing: and if so be as you want from us, cousin Dick, why I can tell you we are a hundred good pounds better than when we set up shop, and you are welcome to my share of it, so you only let me live amongst

you, for I am too old to shift steerage now—no helm's a lee for Frank Griffiths, at this time of day. But if it be contrariwise, and you can give *us* a fresh gale of prosperity, why, what signifies palaver?—you're an honest old lad, and I dare say you'll do it."

Poor kind-hearted fellow! He's gone now, and there never was a worthier soul.

I need scarcely say I soon persuaded my sisters and him to relinquish their concern in Coventry-street, and reside with me. Many years we lived happily together, till the owner of my house dying, and my lease expiring, his successor chose to live in it himself. Having then realized near fourscore thousand pounds, and being grown an old man, I thought it was time to conclude my toils,

and

and live solely for my friends and myself; I engaged, therefore, a smaller house in Frith-street, where honest Griffiths survived our removal about five years, and we then, with the sorrow that was due to his worth, followed him to the grave.

At my years, I ought to be in daily expectation of a summons to follow him; and I hope, with the blessing of God, to be prepared for his call, whenever it is his will I should receive it.

CHAP. III.

Money has Wings.

DURING my visit at Briar Lodge, colonel Cranswick received a letter from lord Vesprin, being the third since his son's fatal accident—in one respect more satisfactory than the foregoing ones, but less so in another. His lordship acquainted him that Horatio's bodily health was perfectly re-established; at the same time, it was too plainly to be inferred from his expressions, that his intellects were very far from being restored: but on this point the colonel was assured of being soon able

able to form his own judgment, as lord Vesprin mentioned having appointed the third day after the date of his letter for the time of his leaving Venice, and proceeding directly to Leghorn, there to embark for England—taking, however, the Irish port of Kinsale in his way, he having in the county of Cork an estate which he wished to take that opportunity of viewing, since his stay in his native land he intended should be very short.

This was not a letter calculated to raise the colonel's spirits, which had never resumed their usual tone since the disappointment he had received from his daughter; and my regret that so kind a father's hopes, with respect to both his children, should be withered, gave me a sense of sorrow I was at perpetual pains to conceal.

From Wales our reports were of a much more lively colour. Sir William, Miss Dorien, and my niece, wrote frequently to us, and they all seemed equally pleased with their excursion. From Bangor they had pursued the line of the coast to Conway, Carnarvon, and Aberistwith; and Miranda expatiated very sublimely on the nodding heights of Penmanmaur, the shaggy sides of Cader Idris, and the wilds of Dolgelly and Machinleth. The narrative of old Mr. Milloughby's life having also given them an interest in the scenes of his youth, they deviated from their original design of going immediately from Aberistwith to Swansea, in order to visit Haverfordwest, where Edella wrote word to colonel Cranswick, that they should stay two or three days; and that, being particularly delighted with

with the situation of the castle there, she intended to amuse her mornings, by taking a drawing of it.

Sir William had paid a visit at the parsonage-house, purposing to introduce himself to the worthy Mr. Jones, mentioned towards the conclusion of Milloughby's story; but found that gentleman had been dead some years. Of Mr. Dorien, the accounts given by his father and his sister were moderately satisfactory, though both seemed of opinion that his cheerfulness was oftener assumed than really felt.

I spent the greatest part of three weeks at Briar Lodge, only going home for the Sundays, and for any occasional duty; and now that the obnoxious presence of Mrs. Cranswick and her daughter could not annoy him, Dawnay also gave us his

company, whenever the agricultural pursuits, and woollen beauties of Westwood, permitted his absence.

Long, however, as my visit was, colonel Cranswick pressed my continuance with him, until the repeated and earnest invitations of his daughter made some impressions upon him; and he began to fear if he delayed seeing her much longer, it might argue a want of affection in him, or, at least, a protracted resentment, he did not wish should be inferred. He was wavering upon this subject, and, as he confessed to me, putting off, like a coward, the evil day of becoming a guest of Wanley Milloughby's, when so *very* urgent a letter came from Lotharea, *beseeching* he would come to Felton Hill, if only for two days, that he determined at once, for her sake, to attend her summons;

 though,

though, remarkably enough, it was not enforced otherwise than in very general terms, either by Mrs. Cranswick, or by Milloughby himself.

I commended his resolution, and, desirous of promoting the immediate execution of it, returned to Dorien rectory, bringing back my nephew and niece with me, that colonel Cranswick, having no society whatever to amuse him in his own house, might the more readily leave it.

A few days after I got home, I had the pleasure of a visit from sir Edward Falconer, who frequently came to Dorien Court or Briar Lodge, to inquire after his itinerant friends, as he called them. He had been upon business at York, and Felton Hill lying in his road, on his return from thence, he had spent a couple

of days there, at the particular desire of Mrs. Milloughby, who, he said, appeared rejoiced at the sight of an old acquaintance. I asked him how she did—how she looked—and if she seemed very happy?

"Well in health," replied he, "and lovely as beauty itself! As for being happy, there is such a perpetual turmoil, night and day, in the house, that if some in it are overjoyed, and others miserable, there is scarce a chance of distinguishing which are which."

"From whence proceeds the bustle?" said I. "Is the restless spirit of Mrs. Cranswick never to be allayed?"

"Unless in the Red Sea, probably never; but a more dangerous spirit than hers seems to be awakened at Felton Hill. People, when they hunt Pleasure too keenly, are very apt to leap over

Comfort,

Comfort, without perceiving where she lies; and, if I am not much mistaken, this will prove the case with Mr. Milloughby."

"You astonish me, sir Edward! The quiet, retired, pensive Wanley——"

"Has neither leisure nor inclination," interrupted he, "to indulge romance at present, I promise you. Instead of wandering through the shady groves with his beautiful bride, as we all expected would have been the case as soon as he was established at Felton Hill, he has literally filled his house from top to bottom—I may almost say inside and out—since his own servants are forced to sleep in the granaries and cocklofts, to leave room for those of his guests. When I came away, another large party was expected; but *where* they were to be lodged, unless beds

beds could be constructed for them in the gutters upon the roof, I am utterly at a loss to conceive: for Lotharea privately told me many of the single mens' apartments were stuffed with four cradle-beds, one in each corner of the room, and all occupied."

I was quite astonished by this account, and expressed my strong doubts whether Lotharea could take pleasure in being thus condemned to live in a crowd.

"I am of opinion," answered sir Edward, "that she is weary to death of it; and feel convinced she is so anxious to see her father only that he may operate a change in Milloughby's mode of living —for on that point she seems to possess no influence over him whatever: yet he is passionately fond of her; and indeed I believe the pride he takes in exhibiting her

her charming figure, full dressed, and in company, is a principal motive of his conduct."

"I think," said I, "such conduct bespeaks much less of love than of self-gratification. But pray, though I need hardly ask, which side of the cause does Mrs. Cranswick espouse?"

"Whenever there are two sides of a question," returned sir Edward, "did you ever know Mrs. Cranswick take the right one? She would move as awkwardly, if she did, as a horse, harnessed on the near side, that has always been accustomed to go on the other. She affects to laugh, and rally her daughter out of her solitary turn, as she phrases it; promotes all Wanley's parties, which indeed are truly parties of pleasure to her; and plays round games with the

young

young people, and dances reels till four o'clock in the morning with the best of them."

"Why then I am heartily glad," said I, "colonel Cranswick has made up his mind to go amongst them; and I give poor Lotharea great praise for so anxiously wishing for him."

"To be sure his visit will be useful," answered the baronet, "if he only brings his wife away: there will, at least, be one fool less in the party than there is at present."

After this surprising description of the proceedings at Felton Hill, I became extremely anxious on account of my old friend and his daughter; and feared that a young man, who could so early and so readily break out into the indulgence of a taste he had suppressed all indications

of

of before, would not easily be persuaded to curb it.

My apprehensions, far from being removed, were made even to comprehend a wider range, by a letter which colonel Cranswick wrote to me, after he had been near a week at Felton Hill, wherein he corroborated sir Edward's account of the tumultuous assembly there. "When I arrived," said he, "there was not a vacant lodging-room to shew me into; for Milloughby, unknown to Lotharea, had invited colonel and Mrs. Bennington from Doncaster, and the latter was actually dressing for dinner in the apartment my daughter had reserved for me. She was infinitely more disturbed by the mistake than I was, and immediately conducted me into another room, which, I did not discover till the next day, was

that

that she occupied herself. This circumstance will give you an idea of the *number* of the guests; but of their *nature* I despair of imparting to you any adequate notion; for of all the motley crews I ever beheld in my life, *this* presents the strangest selection—including various neighbouring families: and these are the respectable members of the party. But, not content with them, Milloughby has collected officers from all the country quarters, within twenty miles around him; wandering gentlemen of the turf, who travel as methodically from races to races, as the Jew pedlars and ballad-singers, who gain a livelihood by attending them. More than half of these look like blacklegs, and keep, I presume, their eyes steadily fixed upon old Milloughby's seventy-eight thousand pounds. Then, from

from London, he has gotten down a coach-load of connoisseurs, as they call themselves; buyers of old rubbish, engravers, picture-cleaners, and black-letter-mongers. In short, since the days of Jerusalem, when people came from all parts of the world, to hear the wisdom of Solomon, I believe there never was such a party-coloured congregation as have flocked here, to witness Milloughby's folly; and I leave you to judge of the unavoidable extravagance it induces. Here is a sideboard of plate, that would not be thought deficient in the eating-room of an earl; and Lotharea, with difficulty, dissuaded her husband from ordering her a set of jewels, that would have cost six thousand pounds. He has a man-cook and a valet, besides his butler; in fine, every thing but discretion.

I cannot suppose he wished to see me, yet his reception of me was accompanied by all his usual grace—an advantage, by the way, which, as I am of opinion he cannot divest himself of, I give him no credit for whatever. My poor girl is harassed beyond description, and sits or strolls out alone with me, as if gasping for silence and quiet; while her mother —but I will not give way to my pen upon that subject. Lotharea has entreated me, with tears, to have some serious conversation with her husband, upon his turn for such boundless waste of time and money, which must soon oblige him to live upon credit, and presents a comfortless prospect, if he *should* soon inherit his benefactor's fortune, and a miserable one, if he should not. I propose to seize the first opportunity of obliging her,

feeling

feeling indeed unable to endure this life three days longer. Amongst a party of the officers quartered at Doncaster, whom he has here, there are two brothers, named Morrison, who seem dangerous acquaintances, and I should wish to detach him from them; they are dissipated idle boys, with just fashion enough about them to prevent their being harmless to a man of any good taste. One of them wants to leave the regiment, which, you will observe, it is thought likely will be soon sent upon an expedition. I think they both lead Milloughby into a good deal of extravagance. You shall hear from me again after I have spoken to him."

I had not grieved above two days over the contents of this letter, when I received

the following from sir William Dorien, dated Swansea.

"MY DEAR CREMORNE,

"You are about to pay the penalty for having more discretion and feeling than most of your neighbours, as I am going to impose a task upon you, which requires a considerable share of both. Each of our young people here wanted to write to you to-day, upon a subject that engrosses all their thoughts as well as all mine; but I have acted a tyrannical part, and peremptorily told them no one should handle it but myself. This will raise your curiosity, and I am sorry to say I shall not be able to satisfy it, without, at the same time, exciting your regret.

"We

"We left Haverford the day after Edella last wrote to you, and good roads, and a fine country to pass through, made us fancy the journey very short to this place, where we proposed resting a week —finding it not only pleasant of itself, but also filled with genteel company. The two principal inns having each their full complement of guests, we took lodgings upon the beach, next door to the Marine Hotel, and found our situation agreeable enough, till the fourth evening of our stay. We were then preparing for our usual stroll upon the sea-shore, and had walked a few paces towards it, when we were met by a group of objects, whom, till then, we had never seen, and who were sufficiently remarkable to make every person who passed by turn round

to

to obtain a second sight of them. It consisted of an emaciated elderly man, with a tall debilitated figure, and an air of fashion diffused over his whole person, that shewed itself in his very gait. He walked alone, but was followed by three others—two young men, and a dwarfish old woman. Of the two men, one of them appeared something superior to a servant; the other, a slim lad, advanced at a very unequal pace, sometimes hurrying forward, and then stopping short, but always with his arms folded, and his head so much bent downwards, that, as he also wore a very broad hat pulled over his eyes, no part of his face was discernible, except his mouth, and by that it appeared he was talking to himself. On this figure the little old

woman

woman kept her eye so intently fixed, that she ran against every person who had not the caution to avoid her.

"After we had passed these people a little way, we stood still to observe them, and saw that they proceeded strait to the hotel, which they entered, and we continued our walk, agreeing that we would inquire who they were upon our return.

"Other subjects of discourse rising, however, amongst us, we forgot this singular party; and when the evening began to close in, we were repairing to our lodgings, unmindful of them; but having to pass before the hotel, we again saw the three persons I last described, under circumstances more strange than before.

"The window of a room upon the ground-floor was open, and the thin young man was struggling with his at

tendant and the old woman to get out of it—their united strength appearing necessary to prevent his purpose. He did not speak, but made a frightful noise, and seemed excessively irritated. We involuntarily checked our pace for a moment, as we came opposite to the window, which the old woman observing, made us, with many grotesque gesticulations, a sign to draw down, exclaiming, in a shrill tone—'*A bas, a bas le fenetre!*' We closed it, and then, at the instant we turned away to proceed, saw the unfortunate youth throw himself on the carpet, where he laid without motion. Oh, my dear Cremorne, I am surprised at myself for having told you all this so coolly!

"We next passed the door of the hotel, which being open, we saw the wide

passage

passage crowded with trunks, &c. and on that which stood nearest to the entrance was a direction in large letters—'To the right honourable lord Vesprin.' An exclamation of horror broke from us all. 'Oh, Heavens!' cried Edella, faintly, 'could that unfortunate creature be Horatio?' I was unable to answer her, for the dreadful apprehension froze my senses. Frank Falconer stepped to the bar, and inquired if the trunk so directed belonged to the elderly gentleman just arrived; but, before he returned with the affirmative answer he received, some livery servants, laden with various articles, all bearing a like address, came up from the sea-side, followed by a number of sailors, hauling up a coroneted carriage. Upon my questioning these latter, they told me their packet had brought

over lord Vesprin and a Mr. Cranswick from Kinsale. Poor Edella caught my arm, and I, as much affected as herself, hurried into the lodgings with her, to escape observation, and give a freedom to our feelings which they would not be denied; for, alas! we had already seen enough to convince us that Horatio's situation was deplorable, and, probably, most hopeless.

"We took no measures to make ourselves known to him that evening (which was last night); but this morning I addressed a note to him, acquainting him who I was, and requesting to know, on the score of the close connexion subsisting between colonel Cranswick's family and myself, if I could render his lordship any service in a country that might be reckoned a foreign land to him? I had a verbal

verbal answer, that lord Vesprin, with permission, would wait upon me in ten minutes; and in less time than that he came.

"He received the apologies I thought it proper to offer for the liberty I had taken, with the ease of a man of fashion, and the familiarity of an old acquaintance, in which light, he said, he could not but consider me; and then proceeded to mention the unhappy state of his kinsman's son.

"Horatio, he told me, had, during the first two months after his misfortune, appeared slowly to recover his memory; and from being incapable of distinguishing any person about him, had gradually become sensible of the difference between strangers and those he daily saw. In process of time, kind offices seemed

to impress him with a sense of obligation; and this improving state continued while his bodily weakness, and the indulgence consequent to it, lasted; but as soon as returning health enabled him to take exercise, it was apparent he wanted judgment to direct his newly-regained strength. He was so totally insensible of danger, as to render unremitting attendance indispensible; but *that* he reluctantly submitted to. If alone, he would walk into fire, or into the sea; and, at length, became outrageous, if opposed. The old Frenchwoman, who had nursed him, was no longer able to controul his actions, though she still possessed an influence over his disordered mind, which made it expedient she should be continued about his person. His changes of temper being, however, sudden, as well

as

as violent, his other attendant, a young German, was never suffered to be absent from him, excepting when lord Vesprin himself was at hand, of whom Horatio stood unaccountably in awe.

'Yesterday evening,' continued his lordship, 'he was highly exasperated, because, on our taking boat from the packet, he was not allowed to jump into the water, and swim to land; and the paroxysms of his rage, which sometimes are dreadful, are generally followed by hours of deep and silent melancholy, during which he will not notice any one, nor even raise his eyes from the ground.'

"I need not tell you, dear Cremorne, how my very heart bled at this cruel termination of all our late hopes; and I shudder when I look forward to the first

meeting between poor Cranswick and his miserable son. Lord Vesprin talks of English physicians; but what can even they do in a case so confirmed? It is plain that his senses, either owing to the crush his head received, or the operation of the trepan, are irrecoverably gone.

"After lord Vesprin had sat an hour, I returned to the hotel with him, at his request, to see the unhappy boy; but I could not endure the sight five minutes. What he retains of his former self renders his appearance the more shocking to me, who recollect the fine youth that left England two years ago with my son. His person would still be graceful, was he not now grown too thin, and bent forward by a constant stoop in his shoulders; and his large black eyes still sparkle

as before, though no longer with intelligence—the place of which is usurped by a terrifying wildness, that inspires the dread of his breaking out into rage every moment. His other features are considerably altered, and must have been dreadfully mangled at first; for his nose is much flattened, and bent awry—several teeth have been knocked out—and his mouth has received a cut, which renders it wider at the right corner than at the left. Of me he took no farther notice than staring at me, and making a dismal noise, which, I am told, he always does at the sight of a stranger. He made my heart ache to such a degree of anguish, that I hastened out of the room; and my time has since been occupied by endeavouring to fortify Henry and Edella

against their witnessing the same distressing scene.

"That you should render the like friendly office to the colonel, is the reason of my writing to you so particularly. Prepare him, by that soothing kindness, which is so natural to you, for what he must soon see; for should he, with the hopes he now entertains, unexpectedly behold his son, I fear his own intellects would scarcely sustain the shock.

"Lord Vesprin has expressed a wish to proceed to Briar Lodge in our company; we had all rather it had not been so, but it was impossible, without rudeness, to decline the offer. Mr. Vandeleure he has left with an English family, at Leghorn, until his return.

"All here send their love to you, and

to

to Charlotte, and your nephew—even my poor girl, and Henry, who are almost broken-hearted.

"Believe me, dear Cremorne,

"Yours most truly,

"WILLIAM B. DORIEN."

CHAP. IV.

A Search.

SHRINKING from the task of verbally communicating to colonel Cranswick what must effectually blight all his prospects of happiness from Horatio in this world, I made haste, by letter, to acquaint him with the general tenor of sir William Dorien's intelligence. Without positively forbidding him ever to expect a favourable change for his son, I gave him sufficiently to understand that sir William, since he had seen him, believed it less likely than ever; and then, adverting to the

the subject of Mr. Milloughby, endeavoured to open a source of consolation in that quarter, which less heavily pressed upon his feelings, by representing the little likelihood there was that a young man, of such general mildness of character, should sturdily oppose the serious advice of his father-in-law, and the earnest wishes of a wife, his love for whom could not be doubted.

This I said, because the hand of affliction was bearing severely upon my friend; but the cheering prospect I held out to him, I saw not myself. I had *no* confidence in Wanley Milloughby, considering him as a man who had held back his natural disposition from the light, with artifice beyond his years. The only hope I *really* felt, arose from the rectitude of colonel Cranswick's own mind, which

was

was likely to bend him with pious resignation to the Divine Will, when time had accustomed him to the burden he had to sustain.

My letter crossed, upon the road, a second from him, written at Felton Hill, two days before his return home. In it he informed me he had held the proposed conversation with Milloughby, and had received from him the most satisfactory assurances that he, no more than Lotharea, approved of their present mode of living; but that all the neighbourhood, and some few of his acquaintances in London, having poured in upon the occasion of his marriage, he thought it better, for that one time, to entertain them all together, as the tumult they occasioned would consequently be the sooner at an end; and, once over, he professed his serious in-

tention,

tention, that, through him, it should never be renewed. The present party, he said, were then on the eve of breaking up; most of them were going to York races, and, he was of opinion, the handsomest manner of concluding the scene would be by going thither himself, with Lotharea, as he had engaged to do; after which, with the single exception of Doncaster races, in the ensuing month, which it would look very particular for him to avoid, he hoped he should be able to settle himself quietly for the winter, when all his happiness would arise from the society of his wife, and a few pleasant neighbours.

Colonel Cranswick replied, that he trusted his actions would not be less prudent than his professions, since it behoved him to recollect that Lotharea did not

become entitled to the fortune her uncle Guineaman had promised her, till the age of twenty-five; and that the late Mr. Milloughby's sisters might, it was not at all unlikely, live several years longer. He had himself, only the day before, shewn the colonel a letter he had received from them, apparently written in good health and spirits, accompanying the noble present of their late brother's valuable collection of engravings; and their regular mode of living rendering a continuance of such health probable, it would be madness to forestall a fortune he might live till forty before he could enjoy.

As to Lotharea, the colonel informed me, that at the particular request of her husband, though sorely against her own inclinations, she consented to endure the fatigue of York race-week, accompanied by

by her mother; and the latter engaged, as soon as it was over, not to oppose any scheme of tranquillity that should be thought advisable.

"Poor colonel Cranswick," thought I, "some little comfort has been here presented to you, and my fatal letter will just reach you in time to dash it from your lips ere you have tasted it."

The beloved travellers returned from their tour on the nineteenth of August. It was a day of rejoicing at Dorien Court, and every grief was, I believe, forgotten on either side, when Dawnay, Charlotte, my nephew, and I, went to welcome them home again. What a questioning—what an answering—what a shaking of hands was there! A stranger would have concluded it the first time of our meeting for the last seven years passed. Gleams of pleasure

pleasure even shot across Henry's countenance, as he reviewed his native place, in all the pride of summer's beauty; yet I learned from Edella, that he had withdrawn himself from them the whole of the preceding day, and she doubted not had purposely devoted to solitude that too-well-remembered anniversary. He lingered behind them when they quitted their former night's stage, and did not come into Chesterfield in the evening, till two hours after them.

Lord Vesprin they had left at Briar Lodge, where they staid only long enough just to see colonel Cranswick, and engage to dine with him a few days after; for they were all most anxious to avoid witnessing the first meeting between him and his son, of whom, upon their way home from Swansea and Monmouth,

through

through Herefordshire and the Midland Counties, they had seen as little as possible; for he always travelled in a chaise, with only his two attendants; and was so much disturbed whenever he saw more than those, that he was studiously kept from them at the inns.

Colonel Cranswick they found had arrived at Briar Lodge not above an hour before them; but having had scarcely any conversation with him, they addressed themselves to me for intelligence concerning the family at Felton Hill. I did not communicate all I knew upon that subject till sir William and I were alone, only answering, in general, that a large party *had* been stewing there some time, but, having boiled over, were dispersed various ways.

Miss Dorien, who was a very complete

mistress of her pencil, shewed me many beautiful sketches of wild scenery she had admired in Wales, which she meant to finish at her leisure; but there was amongst them a drawing of Haverfordwest Castle, she had bestowed great pains upon. "And you would not guess," said she, "who I intend it as a present for? Truly for the two good old gentlewomen in Frith-street; and when they know I am Lotharea's particular friend, I cannot but think it will please them."

"You have an incorrigible trick of pleasing every body," said I, "and I believe you want to make me a party in it. I suppose you know I shall shortly be obliged to go to London, upon business relating to George, and so you want me to carry it for you."

"To be sure," she replied; "but am

I not

I not aware you are such a dear old man, you would have gone on purpose for me? Abuse *me*, indeed, for what you are always doing yourself!"

Sweet Edella!—what an invariable character have you been blessed with! Always good-tempered, always kind, feeling, and rational. No one more deeply mourned the unhappy state of Horatio, and none more true to his memory—for that expression might well be used of one in a manner defunct; yet there was no romance in her grief; and however she lamented the change of her prospects in private (and she had unquestionably been much attached to him), her external obliging cheerfulness continued the same it had always been.

I shall never forget the melancholy sensation I felt on first beholding the

mournful object that presented itself to us at Briar Lodge. I accompanied my friends when they dined there, and found with colonel Cranswick a physician of peculiar eminence in such cases, whom he had sent for from York, to give his opinion of Horatio's state. The doctor first saw him alone, before dinner, when, being in a sullen mood, he would pay no attention to any one, but maintained a profound silence, with his eyes fixed as usual upon the floor. He had expressed his desire of walking out in a violent shower of rain, and the refusal he had received produced its wonted effect; but in the evening, hearing from Fridswid, his German, that he was more cheerful, doctor H—— went to him again; and the colonel wishing he should see how the presence of strangers affected him, begged

ged sir William and I would follow, with himself, half an hour afterwards.

When we entered the apartment, Horatio was standing at an open window, with the physician, who said he had been conversing very rationally on the subject of hunting, and wishing winter would come, that he might enjoy that amusement.

Upon perceiving us he started, contracted his brow, looked angry, and uttered a sort of cry, that betokened derangement. By the physician's advice we sat down in a distant part of the room, without taking any notice of him, and he continued to talk; but the course of his ideas had been interrupted, and his subject was now changed. He pointed to a distant range of blue hills, and told doctor H—— it was a fine country.

"It

"It is so," replied the doctor, "and the home scenery around Briar Lodge is also very beautiful. What place is that?" continued he, directing Horatio's attention to sir William Dorien's house, which stood conspicuously amongst the woods, at the distance of two miles and a half.

"*That* place!" said Horatio; "what don't you know count Warinsky's palace? Sir, he is a Polish nobleman—a worthy man. His wife is beautiful—they call her Fiorabella; but, between you and me," and he whispered, "he is very jealous of her."

He then mentioned many other foreign names, fancying himself at Venice; and rambled so wildly, that his distressed father came and said some words to him, which gave an instant turn to his thoughts. He fixed his eyes with a look of ferocity upon

upon the colonel, and, on his approaching nearer, would have struck him, but Fridswid held his arms; and the old Frenchwoman, who sat at work in a corner of the room, checked him in her own language The sound of her voice affected him. "Douci! Douci!" cried he to her, ten times over, "take them away—I do not like them."

Doctor H——, hearing I had never before seen him since he left England, singled me out, and asked him if he knew me? but the colour of my clothes offended him. "Black, black!" said he; "a monk of the order of St. Ignatius!—I'll know none of them!"

"Who is this?" asked doctor H——, pointing to colonel Cranswick.

"I believe he is my uncle," Horatio replied; "but let him keep off me."

 "Why?"

"Why?" said the doctor; "don't you love him?"

"No; I love you best—you speak so kindly."

"And would you like to come and live with me?"

"Very much."

"Poor young gentleman!" said the humane physician, with tears in his eyes; "he has, unconsciously, pointed out the measure, of all others, most likely to restore him."

"What!" eagerly exclaimed colonel Cranswick, "do you think there *is* a chance of his being restored?"

"Indeed I do," answered doctor H——, "provided you will let me have him near me at York, where I can pay him constant at ention."

"Heaven's blessing be upon you!" cried the

the colonel; "he shall go thither to-morrow, and I will entrust him wholly to your care."

"Let him come the day *after* to-morrow," replied the doctor; "I can then have every thing prepared for him; and his usual attendants must accompany him."

Colonel Cranswick, overjoyed, promised whatever was required; and we all felt hopes from which we had long been estranged, though too surely Horatio could never quite become the man he had been. From his external appearance I should not have known him, for only his very fine eyes recalled the memory of his former countenance; and the graces of his figure were lost in the negligence of his gait.

It will readily be conceived how cor-

dially we congratulated the colonel upon this amended prospect, which indeed drove every other subject completely from his thoughts. He apologized to lord Vesprin for the resolution he took of going himself to York with his son; and that nobleman having accepted sir William's invitation to spend two or three days at Dorien Court, before he left the neighbourhood, the colonel set off with his beloved patient, Fridswid, and Douci, on the day doctor H—— had appointed. He there found handsome lodgings ready for Horatio, within a few doors of the physician's house, who, observing Mr. Cranswick to be less disturbed by the noise and hurry of the streets than he had apprehended, strengthened the hopes he had imparted before.

If upon this head colonel Cranswick

was

was much gratified, he was a little disappointed upon another. The races were over, and he had flattered himself he should have been accompanied on his return home by his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Milloughby; but, to his great surprise, he found they had gone the day before, with a large party, to Scarborough, at that time abounding with company. After a stay, therefore, just sufficient to see Horatio settled in his new abode, and to convince himself that he was really fond of the doctor's company, and happy when he could obtain it, he came back alone to Briar Lodge, where he found a letter from Lotharea, which perfectly reconciled him to her present excursion. She confessed to him that she had been persuaded, against her own wishes, to undertake it, because it

was her chief desire, on leaving York, to establish herself quietly at home; but she said, she found her exhausted health and spirits so much recruited by the sea-air, and the very early hours she persisted, in defiance of all opposition, to keep, that she rejoiced at having been over-ruled; and proposed prolonging her stay at Scarborough till Mr. Milloughby should remove to Doncaster races—whither, to a certainty, she would excuse herself from going with him, even though her mother persevered in being of the party, which she found was her present intention. Lotharea concluded by saying, that when they went there, she should joyfully return to Felton Hill; and expressed an earnest wish that her father would there come to her, and bring with him her favourite friend Edella, whom she

she had not seen for so long a period, and whom, probably, a sense of delicacy, upon Henry's account, prevented her visiting at Dorien Court.

The colonel brought this agreeable letter to shew to sir William and his daughter; and the latter very readily promised to obey her friend's summons, whenever it should be sent.

Lord Vesprin was gone into Staffordshire, to view a small property he had there; and colonel Cranswick consenting to remain with sir William till he went to Felton Hill, we continued as cheerful a family party as Henry's ill-concealed dejection would allow us to be, till my nephew and I set out for London, where I had hopes given me of providing well for him in one of the public offices. Miss Dorien entrusted to me her drawing of

Haverford Castle, with many charges to get it handsomely framed, and to deliver it myself into the hands of the old ladies; all which I engaged to perform, and indeed felt solicitous, in no slight degree, to obtain their acquaintance.

George and I arrived at an hotel in Bond-street, without any accident, and I had the good fortune to put the business we came upon into a favourable train. In the meantime, I was not unmindful of Edella's commission. Not being myself conversant with the fashionable shops in London, I asked a friend of mine to recommend one to me, where I might procure such a frame as I had been directed to purchase; and he went with me to a carver and gilder's in Pall Mall, where the civil tradesman brought me, from his back shop, a variety of patterns,

terns, that I might choose which I thought best suited to the size of the drawing. While he went backward and forward with these, my friend, who had heard the singular story of Wanley Milloughby, asked me a few questions concerning him; and a genteel-looking customer, hearing our discourse, inquired, with an apology for his freedom, if I could favour him with the direction of the two old ladies, who, he understood, were the sisters of the late Mr. Milloughby? I gave him the address to No. 37, in Frith-street, which Miss Dorien had written upon the back of the drawing; and soon after, having chosen my pattern, ordered a frame, that was sent home to me three days after; and on the following morning I ordered a hackney-coach, to carry it to Frith-street—George begging he might

go with me, he having, no less than I, a curiosity to see the old ladies.

When we arrived at the end of the street, the coachman drove slowly, observing the numbers, and at length stopped at No. 37. My nephew alighted and knocked at the door; it was opened by a smart footman, who, upon being asked if either of the Mrs. Milloughbys was within, replied, that Mr. and Mrs. Brooksbank lived there, and occupied the whole house. I asked if the numbers in the street had been lately changed? He said, no; but civilly offered to step to a public-house, a few doors off, the landlord of which having long lived there, knew the name of every inhabitant in the neighbourhood. George refused giving him that trouble, and went forward to make the inquiry himself; but the

the landlord professing he had never heard the name we asked for, George proceeded up one side of the street, while I drove down the other; and upon our final meeting, we discovered that our several labours had been equally vain. It was evident the old ladies had changed their abode; and I should have been much at a loss, had I not luckily recollected the name of Mr. Wilton, of Gray's Inn, old Mr. Milloughby's executor, who, doubtless, could direct us to the ladies we were in search of.

To Gray's Inn, therefore, I ordered the coach to drive, and there inquired for Mr. Wilton, but no one knew such a person. We were told he was very likely in the country at that season; but even when in London, he certainly did not reside there; they had not one gentleman at

Gray's Inn named Wilton, unless indeed it was some obscure clerk.

"This is very extraordinary," said George; "but, dear uncle, do not fatigue yourself any longer at present; let us return to the hotel, and I will then go to Orchard-street—Mr. Trefusis will readily be found, and he, without question, can direct us."

I approved my nephew's advice, and we drove back to Bond-street; but I felt too much interested in this singular chace, to give it up. We accordingly set forward together to wait upon Mr. Trefusis; and as we slowly walked up Orchard-street, reading the names upon the doors, we saw, at one of them, the postman delivering out his letters. I asked him which was the house of Mr. Trefusis? "No such name, sir, in this street," re-

plied he. "How long has he been gone," said I, "and whither did he remove to, my friend?"—"I never knew such a gentleman live here, sir," he answered, "and I have brought letters this round above nine years." I repeated the name again. "No, indeed, sir, no such person ever lived here."

My nephew and I now looked at one another, and my mind horridly misgave me. "Uncle," said he, "let me go to sir William Dorien's banker, in Lombard-street, and inquire of him; you know the partners, Trefusis and Milloughby, lived there, if—if—"

"If they lived any where, George," said I, guessing his meaning; "but I think sir William's wine-merchant will be more likely than his banker to satisfy us—and, luckily, he lives in Lombard-

street

street also. However, we will not part; I cannot lose sight of this concern."

We walked back as far as Piccadilly, and there again took coach for Lombard-street, where I found Mr. Emerson, sir William's wine-merchant, at home—an intelligent, respectable man. Having made myself known to him as a particular friend of Sir William's, I inquired of him, dreading the answer I should receive, if he, who had for many years pursued the business in the very house he now lived in, had ever known two partners in the same trade, and the same street, named Milloughby and Trefusis?

"No," said he; "there never were two wine-merchants of those names, not only in Lombard-street, but in all London, during the last sixty years—we have correct lists."

"Was

"Was there ever a Mr. Dunford, a wine-merchant, who resided many years in Lisbon, and continued the trade afterwards in London?"

"Dunford!—no, I think not; but stay, I will look." He turned to a large book, where names were arranged in alphabetical order, and running his finger down a page, said—"Drummond, Dursley, Dutton. No," continued he, "no such name as Dunford."

I gave a groan, and threw myself upon a chair behind me. George wrung his hands; and Mr. Emerson, much surprised, begged he might be allowed to ask what distressed us?

I told him I feared a serious imposition had been put upon a most worthy family, for whom I had the greatest regard; and, without entering into closer particulars,

particulars, related to him the fruitless pursuit of the morning.

"I fear," said he, "since you have sought so many persons in vain, some deception must indeed have been practised; but the London Directory is the best thing we can refer to. I will fetch the book."

He soon brought it—neither my nephew or I capable of uttering a word; yet a hope still arose within me, that we might now find the persons we wanted. Mr. Emerson turned to *Milloughby*. He found only two of the name—*Milloughby, Sophia, Milliner, Cheapside,* and *Milloughby, John, Glazier, Oxford-road.* Of *Wiltons,* there was a bookseller, a haberdasher, and a drysalter; and one *Trefusis,* with an additional *Esquire,* living in Portman-square. "This must be your man," said

Mr.

Mr. Emerson; "Orchard-street, where you sought him, is close to Portman-square, and he has probably removed thither."

At this hearing I began to breathe more freely; and starting up, would instantly have gone in chase of this new object, when Mr. Emerson, whose family was just sitting down to dinner, so vehemently insisted upon my taking some refreshment with them, that I sat down for ten minutes: but my anxiety, and the deep interest I took in the cause I was engaged in, made it impossible for me to stay longer. Once more, therefore, I renewed the pursuit; and I cannot express the suspense and impatience I suffered during the long tedious drive, in a lazy hackney-coach, between Lombard-street and Portman-square; nor the beating

ing of my heart, which almost choaked me, as we drove up to the indicated number, and saw the name of Trefusis upon the door. I could not divest myself of the fear that all was not right; and, in the dread of further suspense, expected to be told Mr. Trefusis was not at home.

I listened to the answer of the footman, as if my life depended upon it. Mr. Trefusis *was* at home. I hurried up the steps, my nephew waiting for me in the coach. The servant shewed me into a handsome parlour. "My master, sir," said he, "is dressing, and going out to dinner, but he will be down immediately." So saying, he withdrew, but presently returned, and begged I would walk up stairs, as his master, being in haste, would see me in his dressing-room. Hope now predominated, and I followed the servant cheerfully

fully up stairs, to where a fashionable-looking young gentleman, apparently not above five-and-twenty, sat reading a pamphlet, half dressed, while his valet was preparing the rest of his equipment. He politely arose on my entrance, desired I would take a chair, and requested my commands.

Convinced this very young man could not be the Trefusis I sought, I apologized most sincerely for the trouble I was giving. I feared a mistake, yet begged to know if he had ever been acquainted with a gentleman named Milloughby, a wine-merchant?

"No, never, sir," said he; "my own wine-merchant is a Mr. Reynoldson, and I know no other personally, nor ever heard of one called Milloughby."

I bowed my head in silence, and I fancy my

my looks spoke my distress. "Though unable to satisfy you upon this head," said the young gentleman, "can I, sir, be of service to you upon any other?"

Almost overwhelmed now by the confirmation of what I dreaded, I only inquired if he knew any other gentleman of his own name in London? "Excepting my younger brothers, sir," he replied, "not one."

I arose. He looked anxiously at me, with a good-natured expression of interest. "I entreat your pardon, Mr. Trefusis," said I, "for thus intruding upon you. A person, calling himself Milloughby, has pretended an intimacy between a respectable merchant of your name, and a benefactor of his own; I begin now to fear I am endeavouring to find the end of a clue, which does not

exist.

exist. Allow me to wish you good day, with many thanks for your patient politeness."

I then took my leave, and stepping into the coach, more dead than alive, bade the man drive me home to Bond-street; whence, that same evening, leaving my nephew to conclude his own business, I quitted London in the mail, and took no rest till I got down to Doncaster, where, hiring a chaise to Dorien Court, I arrived at sir William's about nine o'clock at night. I immediately went into the supper-room, and there found sir William, his eldest son, and sir Edward Falconer, in deep and earnest discourse.

CHAP. V.

Guilt may fly, but Conscience will fly with it.

HAVING returned a full week sooner than I was expected, my appearance excited a good deal of surprise. Sir William eagerly grasped my hand, and I thought seemed not more in his usual frame of mind than I was in mine; while a much deeper expression of concern sat on Henry's features than I had left there. Even sir Edward, I fancied, welcomed me home again in a melancholy tone; and I could almost have imagined them already apprized

apprized of the alarming intelligence I brought.

Not seeing Miss Dorien, I inquired after her, and was informed she was gone to Felton Hill with colonel Cranswick. "And Dawnay, how is he?"

"We expect him home to-morrow," said sir William; "he went this morning to Doncaster, on very particular business, which will probably detain him to-night. But let us inquire after you, Cremorne. You look pale and harassed; and how does it happen that you have come down so much sooner than you intended to do?"

As I prepared to answer sir William, the words got fast in my throat, and I could not disengage them; which Henry observing, went to the sideboard and brought me a glass of wine—saying to his

his father, in an under tone, "He has heard some ill news, I am certain."

When I recovered my utterance, I told sir William I had indeed that to communicate which I knew would affect him, as it had done me; and then circumstantially related what had passed in London; but as I proceeded, my surprise was extreme to find I created no astonishment in any of my hearers. When I ceased—

"Now," said sir William, "listen to what we have to tell you:—

"The man who calls himself Wanley Milloughby went to Doncaster races, as he intended. Mrs. Cranswick went with him. Lotharea returned, according to her original design, to Felton Hill, and thence wrote to her father and to Edella, inviting them to come and spend the week with her. They went, and the rest of

of the intelligence you have to learn, was sent us by sir Edward Falconer from Doncaster, who will therefore best tell you the tale himself."

'I sat in mute anxiety, and sir Edward thus continued—" When I first went to Doncaster, I found Milloughby already there, specious as ever, and the idol of every party, as usual—so he continued to be the whole of the second day; but on the third morning, a rumour began to circulate that a writ was out against him, and that he assumed a name, and made pretensions to a fortune, he had neither a right to, nor any expectancy of. At the stand, that day, people knew not what to think, and several gentlemen looked shy at him. He resorted to others, and dined with a private party; but at the ordinary, the

the whole story became public, and was told thus:—

"Some time ago, it seems, he purchased a very large and valuable collection of prints, which he engaged to pay for within a given period; that period elapsed long since. The print-dealer, pressed himself for money, became urgent, and Milloughby in vain entreated he would be patient, as the sisters of the old gentleman, whose large fortune he was, after them, to inherit, were too far advanced in years to live long. The man wished to apply to *them*, supposing they might consent to advance part of the sum due; but Milloughby never would give him their address, and, probably, thereby excited his suspicions, which were accidentally confirmed, by receiving

ing from a gentleman in London, who was unknown to him, a direction to them in Frith-street. On repairing thither, he found no such persons had ever lived there, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the street.

"Satisfied then that Milloughby was an impostor, he instantly sent down a writ against him, and spread the alarm amongst other tradesmen, whom he knew to have given him credit.

"I leave you to judge of the consternation this account diffused through all the party at Doncaster. Milloughby, that night, did not appear; the next morning Mrs. Cranswick said he was ill. Bills from York poured into his lodgings, and letters, with the London post-mark, without number. I called on Mrs.

 Cranswick,

Cranswick, and upon him, hoping I might find the matter not quite so bad as it was represented; but I could not obtain a sight of either; and I then thought it most advisable to hasten hither, and prepare Mrs. Milloughby and her friends for the worst.

"Not finding colonel Cranswick at home, I determined to see sir William, and got to Dorien Court last night. Dawnay volunteered to go this morning to Doncaster, with intent to see the unhappy man, and endeavour at pacification, before the fatal report should overwhelm poor Lotharea and her father; but this day we have heard, by a messenger from Miss Dorien, it has already reached them in a letter from Mrs. Cranswick. To-morrow we shall hear the result

sult of Dawnay's embassy; but, in my opinion, no good whatever can be expected from it."

At that moment Dawnay entered the room, having just thrown himself off horseback, and bearing marks of the deepest concern upon his features. Henry was the first to start from his chair, and seize his brother's hand, but he made inquiries only by his eyes.

"What have you done, Dawnay?" said sir William. "Have you been able—Is there any prospect of an accommodation?"

"Oh no, sir! Wanley is gone! There is no chance!"

"Gone!" cried sir William. "Whither?"

"Fled the country, I am told—set off

from Doncaster on horseback, but alone, and in the dead of night."

"And are you sure this is true?"

"If captain Morrison, the elder brother, is to be believed. He was last with Wanley, and from him I received this account. Morrison was just leaving Doncaster when I reached it, with another officer, for Harwich, where their regiment now is under sailing orders. Knowing his intimacy with the villain, who I concluded would avoid seeing me, if possible, I begged ten minutes conversation with him, and this is what he told me."

"Good Heavens! and how, in his circumstances, will he exist?"

"I asked that very question," replied Dawnay, "and captain Morrison told me he had still some remains of a thou-

sand

sand pounds, which he won last spring in the lottery, most unfortunately; for he owned to Morrison it was that which first suggested the idea of his playing such a desperate game to obtain Miss Cranswick."

"So then," said sir William, "there really was no truth whatever in any part of the story he told?"

"Not one syllable," answered Dawnay. "The old gentleman, the sisters, the Lisbon tale, Mr. Dunford, Mr. Trefusis, were all one tissue of falsehood—one entire mass of fabrication; and the letters addressed to Mr. Wilton and the old women were answered by himself."

We all threw up our hands and eyes in consternation, as if this was the first moment of our learning the deception, and not one of us could speak for some

minutes. Henry resumed his former posture, sitting with one hand across his eyes; and sir William, after a long pause, said—"I am determined to go to-morrow morning to Felton Hill, and bring back poor Lotharea and her father. You shall not go with me, Cremorne—you have been too much fatigued already; and to you, Dawnay, I know it would be inconvenient—neither would it be of any use, since I hope to return immediately. I will beg of you, sir Edward, to stay here till I come back, and you must not refuse me; for indeed we shall want you much, in the task we have to go through."

Sir Edward promised he would not stir; and Dawnay was beginning to say, if he could be of any service, he would defer, or even give up, his own journey; but

but sir William stopped him, and said it could answer no purpose.

I inquired of Dawnay where he was going?

"Into Devonshire," he replied, "upon business that seems of little consequence after what has passed here, but yet it is of moment to me, in my line—a very great cattle shew of the stock of that county; and, if my father does not want me, I think of setting out to-morrow."

"Do so," said sir William. "You and I, Dawnay, will breakfast between five and six, and I shall then reach my poor friend by the time of his rising. I thank Heaven, Edella is with him and Lotharea, distressing as it must be to herself."

Here Henry, with a deep sigh, arose, and hastily wishing us all good-night, left the room. I thought also it was time to

 depart,

depart, and looked for my hat, but sir William would not let me go. "The girls at the rectory," said he, "are gone to rest; you surely would not disturb them at this time of night."

I admitted the plea, and we separated —sir William expressing his hope that he should again be with us the following evening.

Before six in the morning he drove off; for being determined to bring his suffering friends home with him, he went in his coach. Sir Edward, Henry, and I, spent a melancholy day, incapable of conversing upon any subject but that which caused our depression; and when the evening came on, Henry's emotion grew so extreme, that I advised him to go to my house, that he might not be present on the first arrival of his father's guests.

He

He thankfully followed my advice; but our expectations proved fruitless that night.

Not till noon the next day did we see sir William's carriage coming up the park; and Henry then, feeling more master of himself, thought the interview would be better over at first: accordingly we went together, and with sir Edward, to the front door, where the first person I saw was Edella, who ran up the steps, and threw her arms round my neck. Sir Edward then received Lotharea. She looked very pale and very lovely—moved her lips without speaking—and, habitually polite, gave me her hand for a moment, before she retired through the hall with Edella.

Colonel Cranswick seemed more composed than I had hoped for; his manner

was even solemn, as well as resigned; and I felt convinced he had been communing with that Being who alone can inspire fortitude. After awhile, I asked him how his son did? "Better, thank God!" said he; "I receive almost daily accounts from doctor H——, and they are improving ones. There is something sweet in every man's lot."

The ladies did not dine with us; but Lotharea, by Miss Dorien's persuasion, sat below for an hour in the evening. She did not talk—she did not even seem to listen—yet she was amongst us—we had her safe—and we felt a satisfaction arising from that thought. Henry now and then, but very seldom, looked at her, and seemed most pleased with the attention paid to her by every person present. Even the profound respect the servants shewed,

shewed, as they offered any thing to her, appeared to give him pleasure; and I observed him smile complacently on old Isaac, the footman, when he made a lower bow than usual, only in passing by her chair.

The next day Frank Falconer arrived to dinner from Doncaster, and I asked him after Mrs. Cranswick. "D—n her," said he, (and I never heard him swear before) "I left her at a card-party at eleven o'clock last night, playing a rubber at whist. She talked of coming home soon, but I told her I thought she was better where she was."

When the colonel had recovered the first shock occasioned by the discovery of the vile imposture which had been practised upon him, it would have been difficult to say whether or no his mind

was not relieved rather than depressed by the event resulting from it. So fixed and so well founded was his dislike to Wanley, that it appeared as if, in the colonel's estimation, his absence made amends for all; and that the injured father, having recovered his beloved child into his own possession, more considered her present safety as a blessing, than the deception, of which she had been the object, as an evil. He compared her actual situation with what it might have been, had Wanley decoyed her abroad, to have secured an uninterrupted power over her; and blessed Heaven, that, although his baseness had answered the ultimate end proposed by it for awhile, a marriage contracted by him, under a false name, was not legal; and that therefore he never could compel her to reside with

him

him in a foreign land. As to his ever settling in England, colonel Cranswick was perfectly easy on that head. Debts had been contracted, far beyond any sum it was likely he could ever pay; and his only living relation, Mr. Seaton, the clergyman in the North, was by no means in circumstances to assist him.

With these sentiments, as soon as colonel Cranswick heard that Wanley had actually absconded from the country, he said—"I now dismiss this wretch from my remembrance for ever! Let not those who love me name him again in my hearing."

No one felt inclined to disobey the injunction. Even Mrs. Cranswick, when she had finished her rubber at whist, and returned from Doncaster, felt so mortified at the general contempt which had

been

been shewn of her in public, and which had brought home the unwelcome conviction of her own absurdities, that she forbore to obtrude her opinions as usual, and suffered her daughter to remain quietly at Dorien Court, without volunteering visits there herself, which she had just sagacity enough to know would be most unwelcome. During this season of her mortification, she sent for her niece, Miss Barbara Guineaman, and to her poured forth all her lamentations, for that distress which any other hearer would have told her she had brought upon herself.

Lotharea's feelings on the strange adventure that had befallen her, partook of the general character of her disposition; they were those of mild dejection, rather than of violent grief; and the love she had

had felt for Wanley was annihilated. It could not exist in her honourable mind without esteem; and the devoted girl, whom he had marked as the victim of his headlong passion and accumulated falsehoods, viewed him less as the daring lover, who, by a stratagem affection prompted, had obtained his mistress, than as the swindler, who imposing himself for what he was not upon a man of honour, had wormed himself into a respectable family, to gain consequence in the world, and establish a fortune he had not integrity or industry enough to attempt gaining by honest means.

Sir William and I were silent observers of the scene before us; but there was only one of the actors in it for whose peace of mind we ultimately feared. Henry, with a steadfast melancholy eye,

would sit gazing at his beloved Lotharea, watching every change of her countenance, and scarcely drawing his breath when she spoke; her tender sorrow rendered her the most dangerous object in creation to him; and sir William meditated to devise some scheme, which should separate him from her; when, from the most unexpected quarter, another circumstance arose, which absorbed the whole of his attention, and that of all his friends.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A Shew of Cattle.

When Dawnay left Dorien Court, to go upon his expedition into Devonshire, he proposed being absent about a fortnight, at the utmost, although he was to perform the whole journey on horseback—the only way indeed in which he ever travelled. As he was remarkably exact in the disposition of his time—generally knew, within half a day, where he should be at the end of any given period, and consequently was the most punctual of men, his protracted absence excited some surprise,

surprise, when it had lasted a week longer than was expected; and the lapse of a second week, without his being heard of, even created a degree of alarm.

Dawnay, by no accident, ever wrote a letter, except on indispensible business, and he never travelled with a servant. He might therefore have taken a fever, and died, in some obscure village, without his friends ever knowing it; and they at length became so uneasy upon his account, that sir William resolved to write to the person on whose premises the cattle had been exhibited in Devonshire, to inquire whether he had yet left that neighbourhood.

To this letter he received an answer, as early as the distance permitted, implying, that immediately after the shew, Mr. Dawnay Dorien had ridden away, in company

with

with another gentleman, whose name was unknown, but in what direction the writer of the letter could not say.

With this unsatisfactory intelligence sir William was obliged to rest as well satisfied as he could, till at length, a page and a half, in Dawnay's own hand-writing, by far the longest epistle he had ever completed in his life, arrived, not only to remove suspense, but to create the most profound astonishment. As, however, this letter comprised only the heads of a story, of which the detail came to our knowledge upon Dawnay's return, I will not transcribe it, but give the particulars themselves, as he afterwards related them.

Amongst the crowd of gentlemen and others assembled at the cattle shew, Dawnay,

nay, with much pleasure, recognised a very agreeable young man, whom he had intimately known at college. His name was Charnley, and he was the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune, who farmed his own estate, within fifty miles of the place where Dawnay and his old acquaintance met. Charnley, speaking of his father's farm, praised it, as being the completest thing of its size imaginable, particularly with respect to the excellence of its stock; and pressing Dawnay warmly to go and see it, he urged, as an additional inducement, that a large sale of horses, of every description, and farming stock, was coming on at the seat of the late sir John Glenham, only three miles from his father's house, where, he assured Dawnay, he would only find his

father

father and mother, two easy people, who would make him welcome, without any formalities.

All these circumstances combined, presented a temptation Dawnay could not resist. He accepted his friend's invitation; and met with exactly the sort of reception from old Mr. and Mrs. Charnley, which was calculated to place him at his ease.

Their civility was hearty and plain; and having once assured him he was welcome, they suffered him to amuse himself in his own way. He strolled about with his friend all day long; examined the barns, threshing machines, and various conveniences of the farm-stead; and admired the charms of seventeen beautiful cows, so lovingly, that he did not think the time long till the sale at Glenham

Hall

Hall began, though he had to wait five days for it after his arrival at Little Tufton, which was the name of Mr. Charnley's estate.

On the morning preceding the day when it was to commence, he was sitting in the parlour, with the old lady and gentleman and his friend, when Mrs. Charnley, happening to look out of the window, said, in the quick tone of pleasure —"Oh, here is Rosillen!" Dawnay, directing his eyes to the little lawn before the house, saw a genteel young woman, very plainly dressed, approaching the door.

Naturally shy of strangers, he thought of escaping from the room; but he could not leave it without being likely to encounter the young woman; and did not feel the same impulse to make his exit

through

through the window that he had followed upon a former occasion, especially as young Charnley said, while he opened the door for her—“ Oh, you need not mind Rosillen; she is the pleasantest girl in the world.”

She entered, presenting an extreme pretty figure, and a countenance of peculiar sweetness, and was received by Mrs. Charnley and her husband with an affection that seemed almost parental. After she had shaken hands with them both, dropped her curtsey to Dawnay, and received some kind reproaches from her friends for having been a great stranger at their house, she said—“ Oh, my dear Mrs. Charnley, I have quite a romantic story to tell you! Mrs. Silstone and I had an adventure yesterday evening, and I am come to relate it to you,

and consult with you upon it, for we are rather puzzled, and afraid of doing wrong."

Dawnay here motioned to leave the room, thinking he ought to do so; but the young person looked at him so cheerfully, while she begged he would not think it necessary to go upon account of her story, that he was induced to resume his seat.

"What has happened, my dear?" said Mrs. Charnley; "adventures are not very frequent in this part of the world."

"And this, I assure you, is an extraordinary one," replied Rosillen; "but you shall hear. Last night, after tea, Mrs. Silstone and I walked out upon the road towards St. Mabin, and were just going to turn down into the green lane, which you know would have brought us home

by

by the village, when a young man, who seemed extremely ill and feeble, scarcely able indeed to walk, pulled off his hat to us, and making a bow, stood still without speaking. There was nothing more in this than the action of a common beggar, except the manner in which it was done; he took off his hat like a gentleman, and his bow was a gentleman's bow. I suppose the same idea struck Mrs. Silstone that struck me, for she stopped, and I had hold of her arm, so I stopped too.

'Have you lost your way, young man?' said she.

'I have indeed, madam,' he replied. 'Might I beg the favour of your directing me?'

"She asked to what place?

'To Newport, if you please.'

"Mrs. Silstone told him he was in the

right road to it, but that it was fifteen miles off.

'I am very sorry to hear that,' said he, 'indeed; God knows how I shall get there.'

"He then bowed again, and resuming his hat, in a manner to which his appearance very ill corresponded, was moving forwards, when Mrs. Silstone, touched with compassion, observed, that, weak as he was, he seemed little fit to encounter the fatigue of so long a walk; and I instinctively drew from my pocket a trifle indeed, but what I judged might enable him to procure some conveyance to Newport.

"When I offered it to him, he coloured so deeply, that I almost repented my officiousness, yet still continued to hold out my hand, and he advanced; but

appearing

appearing quite overcome by his own emotions, he suddenly turned pale, staggered, and would have fallen, but for the staff upon which he rested.

'Poor young man,' said Mrs. Silstone, 'you are very ill.'

'I *have* been,' replied he; 'but it is not that; it is your kindness, ladies. I am not too proud to receive charity, but I have not been used to it.'

"I whispered Mrs. Silstone—'Do let us give him a night's lodging at our house; perhaps he will be better able to proceed in the morning.'

'With all my heart,' answered she. 'Do you think, young man, you can get on about three-quarters of a mile farther, where you shall have rest and food till to-morrow? If you can, come with us; if

if not, we will go first, and send a person to assist you.'

'I want words,' said he, 'to express my sense of such goodness; but, so encouraged, I shall surely find strength to follow wherever you please to lead me.'

"So Mrs. Silstone and I returned by the shortest way, and at his slow pace, with the intent of asking him some few questions; but he was not communicative. Instead of giving us a long history of his distresses, he only said he had been very ill used; and, indeed, before we reached the house, he seemed too much exhausted to talk at all. We therefore consigned him to the care of Benwell, who told him he should have a bed and some broth, and she doubted not would be very well this morning; but, instead

of

of that, he is very *ill* this morning, and so weak, that when he attempted to rise, he fainted away.

"Now, though neither Mrs. Silstone nor I repent having offered shelter to this poor creature, yet she says we ought to mingle discretion with our charity, and obtain some knowledge what he is, since it is likely he may be obliged to reside longer with us. We cannot speak with him ourselves, as he is not able to leave his bed, and therefore I came to beg Mr. Charnley would be kind enough to walk back with me and see him."

"I will do that with pleasure," said Mr. Charnley. "From your account of the man, he certainly is no common beggar; yet he may be a cheat, for all that. We do not, in this country, see wandering gentlemen in the disguise of mendi-

 cants,

cants, as in the regions of romance; and this fellow may find it expedient to stay with you for some nefarious purpose. It is not at all improbable that he may be an impostor."

At the word *impostor* Dawnay started, and a sudden suspicion flashed across his mind. He did not, however, reveal what was passing in his thoughts, but only inquired if the young man had a good figure, and was handsome?—to both which questions he received an affirmative answer. "But come," said Rosillen, starting up, "let us set forward; perhaps you will all go with me? This gentleman," added she, curtseying to Dawnay, "if he is a stranger in the country, will find it a very pleasant walk."

Dawnay observing the whole party prepared to move, and feeling perfectly

at his ease with this agreeable young woman, agreed willingly to go. The old lady made herself ready, and they all began their walk, which, by a winding road, through several shady lanes, brought them into a broad path, that, leaving the highway, struck through a deep wood of fine large timber trees, and continued beneath the shelter of their antique branches for nearly half a mile. Upon emerging into broader daylight, Dawnay was much surprised to find himself approaching a drawbridge, on the opposite side of which were the gateway and portcullis of a lofty old building, situated so very near the base of an immensely high and steep mountain, entirely covered with wood, that it looked as if resting against the hill side.

He now concluded that the pretty Ro-

sillen probably filled some subordinate station in this ancient castle, and that the Mrs. Silstone she had named was the portly housekeeper; however, his ideas were more intent upon the wandering stranger than upon any other subject; and when Rosillen conducted her friends into a low gloomy parlour, wainscotted with black oak, he impatiently waited for the return of Mr. Charnley, who went immediately to see the invalid. He staid with him a considerable time, and, when he came back, professed himself as much surprised as the ladies had been.

"Beyond all doubt," said he, "if the man is not a gentleman by birth, he has at least lived with those who are; for though it is not easy for a man lying ill in bed to shew any gracefulness of action, I cannot conceive any thing more en-

gaging

gaging than this youth's voice, manner, and countenance."

"But would he give any account of himself?" said Rosillen.

"No farther than that his dearest connexions were in the north of England; and that, after having been cruelly used, he was making his painful progress towards them, when weakness rendered him unable to proceed. I asked," continued Mr. Charnley, "if he wished to inform them of his situation, and offered to write for him if he would give me their address; but he declined my proposal, without giving any reason for so doing. The kind young lady, he said, had given him a guinea, and he thought he could make that carry him to Bristol. But the fact is, he is now in a fever; and I do not conceive it will be possible for him to move

under a week to come. If Benwell does not find him better this evening, I think you ought to send for medical assistance; for though, to speak honestly, I really do suspect there is something not right in him, you would not wish him to die in the house."

"Lord forbid!" said Rosillen. "We will send for the apothecary directly; but why do you suspect any thing wrong in him?"

"Because he is mysterious. In general, where is nothing wrong, there is nothing to hide."

An agreeable-looking middle-aged woman now entered the room, whom Mrs. Charnley kindly greeted by the name of Mrs. Silstone, and Dawnay was confirmed in his original opinion of her being the housekeeper; but young Charnley having

ing engaged himself in conversation with Rosillen, he had no opportunity of asking.

After some further general discourse, Rosillen left the room, to order the apothecary to be sent for; and when she returned, Mr. Charnley told her he should like to take a walk, to shew the place to his son's friend. "And I should like to walk too, this fine morning," said Mrs. Charnley.

"So you shall," said Mrs. Silstone, "upon condition you will dine with us; and if you have ordered your own dinner at home, we will send to countermand it."

Mr. Charnley seconding this proposal, it was accepted; and a long ramble through the most beautiful walks and plantations succeeded; during which, however, as either Mrs. Silstone or Ro-

sillen were constantly near to Dawnay; from civil anxiety to shew attention to a stranger, he never could find a time to ask any of the Charnleys whose seat it was they were admiring.

When their walk was over, they re-entered the castle by a large old hall, which Dawnay had not seen before, and where a dining-table was set out for a small party, with some fine ancient plate upon the sideboard, from whence Dawnay judged the superiors of the family were at home, and wondered whether or not they themselves should dine in the housekeeper's room.

Very much was his wonder increased, when three servants, in rich liveries, brought in a small but handsome service; and Rosillen took her place at the head of the table, Mrs. Silstone sitting at her

left

left hand, while Dawnay himself was desired to take his seat at her right.

He began to fancy himself in a dream, and was strangely puzzled what to think, when he observed the profound respect the servants paid to Rosillen, whom, nevertheless, Mrs. Silstone spoke to by no other name. Wishing for an explanation, he contrived to whisper to young Charnley, as they sat down—"Where are we?" But the other only smiled, and gave him no answer.

This suspense lasted till, soon after the cloth was drawn, a note was brought in for Rosillen, which she announced to be from the apothecary. After reading it, she said—"Mr. Miles tells me he was obliged to go to Endellion this morning, but promises to be here before night, so I hope the poor man will not suffer from delay."

delay." She then, folding the note up again, happened to lay it upon the table, with the address upwards, close to Dawnay, who plainly read—"To the honourable Miss Vandeleure, Castle Vesprin."

There was so total and instantaneous a revulsion in his thoughts at this discovery, that an involuntary exclamation of "*Bless me!*" escaped him; at which Miss Vandeleure wondering, asked him what was the matter?

"Only, madam," he replied, "that I did not at all know where I was till this moment. I had the honour of seeing lord Vesprin very lately, when he was at colonel Cranswick's, who is my father's most particular friend, and one of his nearest neighbours."

Miss Vandeleure now, in her turn, looked surprised; and Mrs. Charnley, apologizing

logizing for her former omission, begged, though late, to introduce the second son of sir William Dorien.

"Is it possible!" said Rosillen, seeming very much pleased. "I have heard a great deal of the strict intimacy between sir William Dorien's family and that of our kinsman colonel Cranswick, and am extremely happy it falls in my way to shew any attention to Mr. Dorien. I hope, sir, you will lay a claim upon Mrs. Silstone and myself, for any service we can render you, while you stay in this country."

Dawnay, delighted with her easy, good-natured manners, rendered suitable acknowledgments for her kindness; and felt himself as entirely at home as if he was sitting at his father's table. Never, either, had he shewn himself to so much advantage;

tage; and Mrs. Silstone, whom he now found to be not the housekeeper, but the governess, seemed as much pleased with him, as he was with every thing and every body about him. Yet, intimate as he now fancied himself at Castle Vesprin, he still forbore to mention the stranger; for he thought it would be inhuman, while he was sick and distressed, to turn the hearts of his benefactresses against him; but he silently determined, nevertheless, to see him, the very first day he should be well enough to leave his chamber.

Mr. Miles, after examining his patient, gave a favourable report of his case. Excess of fatigue, and, he suspected, great anxiety of mind, had thrown him into a state of extreme irritation, for which perfect rest was the only cure; but

that

that being allowed him, Mr. Miles ventured to promise him recruited strength within a week at the farthest. The same impression was made upon this gentleman, that had before been made upon the two ladies and upon Mr. Charnley; for though a plain elderly man, and far from conversant with the world, he seemed in a manner fascinated by the gentle and engaging behaviour of the sick stranger.

Having waited to hear Mr. Miles's opinion, the Charnleys took leave of Miss Vandeleure, and returned home with their guest; and if the latter was already pleased by what he had seen of that young lady, he was much more so by the little history of her life, which he now heard.

Deserted when an infant by her father, and

and losing her mother at a very early period, she had passed all her blameless days at Castle Vesprin, known only by the good she diffused around it. Beloved and respected by her father's tenants, and the few servants that composed her establishment, her economy provided savings which her good taste suggested the expenditure of; and, by her direction, the steward had laid out walks, cut open views, and planted shrubberies, which had changed Castle Vesprin from being a gloomy and cheerless abode, to what had now claimed Dawnay's admiration.

When he was told all this, he said, in a strain of very high praise *for him*—" I declare I did not think a young lady could have been so useful!"

Mrs. Charnley, who had known and

loved

loved Rosillen from her infancy, smiled at this splendid compliment, and observed—"If you knew more of Miss Vandeleure, Mr. Dawnay, you would discover her to be both useful and ornamental; for Mrs. Silstone, who has lived with her ever since lady Vesprin died, is a very sensible and a very accomplished woman, and has rendered her pupil complete mistress of whatever is befitting her rank to know."

The next morning, the two young men attended the sale at Glenham Hall; and on their return in the evening, found Miss Vandeleure at Little Tufton, who reported the invalid to be still confined to his chamber, though she heard he appeared more composed than the day before.

In this manner passed the week to

Dawnay. He went to Glenham Hall every morning; and his evenings were generally spent, either with the Charnleys, at Castle Vesprin, or he saw Rosillen at their house. He had determined to wait the recovery of the mysterious stranger, and was sensible of a pleasure in being thus confined to linger at Little Tufton, which, had he placed to the right account, it is likely his peculiar character would have induced him to have fled. Rosillen, by degrees, occupied his heart, while he fancied all his thoughts bent towards a very different object.

At length, on the eighth day after the beginning of this adventure, Mr. Miles gave his patient leave to walk down stairs. It was on a Sunday morning. Dawnay had attended the Charnleys to Vesprin parish church; and when the service

concluded,

concluded, walked up with them to the castle, by the invitation of Mrs. Silstone and her fair charge.

Mr. Charnley usually saw the invalid every day; and Dawnay hearing he had now left his room, offered to go with the former, professing curiosity to see a man who had puzzled the conjectures of so many persons. Yet, humanely afraid of shocking him too much in his weak state, he desired Mr. Charnley to acquaint him that a gentleman, who believed he had known him in Yorkshire, was coming to see him.

"Are you in earnest?" said Mr. Charnley. "Do you really suppose him to be a person you know?"

"I suspect it strongly," replied Dawnay; "and if I am right, when he is gone, but

but not before, I will give you the particulars of his strange history."

Mr. Charnley, much surprised, executed his commission. He found the young man just come down into the parlour of black oak; and the gloom of the apartment contrasted strongly with the pallid hue of his complexion. He looked like a handsome ghost; yet, when Mr. Charnley delivered his message, a deep blush spread over her cheeks, and he shewed much emotion.

"I had rather not be seen," said he. "Who is the person?"

"He chuses to tell you that himself," replied Mr. Charnley.

"Well, it is no matter. What signifies pride now!" Yet, though he thus acquiesced, he feebly stepped to the window,

dow, turning his face from the door, as if willing to defer, until the last, the unwelcome moment of recognition.

Dawnay, with agitation nearly equal to his own, entered the room; and his first glance at the figure before him confirmed all his suspicions. He advanced; but, affected by a variety of recollections, he did not speak. Having nearly approached the window, he stopped short, and almost feared to see Wanley turn round. The stranger *did* turn, and Dawnay beheld Horatio Cranswick!

Astonished at an apparition which seemed to him preternatural, Dawnay struck his hands together, and uttered an exclamation, that amazed Mr. Charnley, as much as he was amazed himself. Horatio, now, the most composed of the three, held out his arms to Dawnay—

"You may well be surprised, indeed," said he. "To see me here, or even to see me alive at all, must appear sufficiently wonderful. My father and mother, I conclude, imagine me dead."

"Dead!" cried Dawnay, who, unable at first to separate the ideas of this Horatio from the one under doctor H.'s care, at York, fancied he rambled. "Why should they suppose you dead, when you returned from abroad with lord Vesprin?"

"I did not return with lord Vesprin, though so fortunate in finding an asylum beneath his roof. I am only just now returned."

"And how did you come here?"

"I escaped from my slavery, and the horrid place of my confinement, and obtained a passage on board an English

vessel,

vessel, which was wrecked off the Cornish coast; and here, but for Miss Vandeleure, I must indeed have perished."

"I scarcely know where I am, or what to believe," exclaimed Dawnay. "I thought I had left you in Yorkshire; and a person is now there, under the care of a physician, bearing your name, and supposed even by your father to be yourself."

"Good Heavens!" said Horatio, "you amaze me! When did he come? and whence?"

"He came from abroad, with lord Vesprin, some weeks ago," replied Dawnay, "in a state of mental derangement, in consequence, we were told, of an accident that befel him near Venice, part of a ruined tower falling upon him. But if all the world are turned fabricators,

 perhaps

perhaps that accident itself never happened."

"It happened to Mr. Vandeleure," answered Horatio. "Surely lord Vesprin did not pass him off for me!"

Dawnay now circumstantially related all the particulars respecting the return of the supposed Horatio; and declared he had readily admitted the belief of his being his former friend, from the resemblance of their stature, and their eyes, and from the alteration of the other features being so well accounted for.

Young Cranswick listened with profound attention; and when Dawnay ceased, gave him, in his turn, the outlines of a story which he afterwards more particularly recounted to his father, and which sufficiently proved of what lord Vesprin had been capable.

Dawnay's

Dawnay's first concern was then to write that letter to sir William, that caused the astonishment already mentioned; and, being communicated to the colonel, sent him instantly off for Cornwall, with the rapidity of the wind, and almost wild with joy. Day and night he travelled, till he hailed the welcome sight of the towers of Castle Vesprin, where, upon alighting, he beheld the pride and delight of his heart, his beloved Horatio, into whose arms he rushed, with a transport that bereft him of speech—not the unfortunate youth, with a disturbed imagination, and a mangled form, whom he had been taught to lament as his son, but his own Horatio, amiable and perfect as before, and with health and strength recovered by the tender cares of his

lovely kinswoman, and the kind attentions of his friend.

"Oh, my dearest boy!" cried colonel Cranswick, drying the tears of pleasure that would force their way to his eyes; "from the bottom of my soul, I forgive lord Vesprin for his wicked attempt to supercede you in my uncle Handicap's estate, by representing you as disqualified to possess it; for, had I not suffered from his deception, I never could have felt this rapture. My beloved Horatio! when I carry you back to Briar Lodge, and see you once more amongst the friendly group at Dorien Court, and join your hand to that of your faithful Edella, surely the delight will be too much for me!"

During the effusions of colonel Crans-

wick's thanksgivings to Providence and his friends, it will easily be imagined that Miss Vandeleure was not overlooked. Upon her humanity, he invoked blessings, in the warmest terms of boundless gratitude; and was so earnest to obtain from her a promise that she would return with him and his son into Yorkshire, there to form a friendship with two young ladies, whom he declared he sufficiently praised in styling them her equals, that, at length, having gained over Mrs. Silstone to second his request, he succeeded; and Miss Vandeleure promised, for the first time in her life, since she came there an infant, to quit the shades of Castle Vesprin with the colonel, when he set out upon his journey, which, on finding Horatio fully equal to bear the fatigue of it, he appointed to take place

on the fifth morning after his arrival. Dawnay, it was expected, would travel with them, though there was no doubt of his preferring the back of his hackney to the inside of a carriage. But a little perplexity had, in the mean time, befallen Dawnay, which, however ludicrous it afterwards appeared in the eyes of others, was seriously distressing to him, and impelled him to begin his return home in quick time.

Young Charnley had for some days observed, that whenever this youth, hitherto so insensible to any charms but those of the brute creation, walked forth from the house at Little Tufton, his feet seemed mechanically to lead him to the broad path, in the wood where Rosillen most frequently walked; and that, if he did not there happen to meet with her, he seldom

seldom failed extending his stroll either up to the drawbridge, or into the shrubberies that skirted and concealed the old moat. Moreover, his friend remarked, that whenever, in Miss Vandeleure's absence, she became the subject of conversation, Dawnay was hushed into immediate attention; and when the praises ensued that generally followed the mention of her name, he smiled with "every feature in his face, except his mouth." In her presence, either through chance or from design, he always occupied the seat next to hers; and Charnley suspected the latter, because Dawnay invariably observed a due distance from every other lady. With other women, he was silent and reserved, but to Rosillen he chatted freely; and when engaged in discourse with her, he did not seem impatient to get

out of doors, even when the weather was fine.

Two days after colonel Cranswick's arrival at Castle Vesprin, Charnley had missed Dawnay all the morning; and, after a slight search in other quarters, found him, as he expected, upon his lordship's premises, namely, in the park, pretending to examine the stock there. Dawnay was beginning to make some critical remarks upon the comparative merits of three fine oxen that were feeding before him, when Charnley fell a laughing, and repeated these lines, which he assured his friend he had composed for his sole and separate use.

"Whence comes it this tall mountain's side,
Reflecting late so faint a ray,
Now crested in autumnal pride,
Tow'rs in a blaze of brightest day?

Why,

Why, where the silver waters roll
  Adown the Allan's rocky bed,
Of late no transport wak'd my soul,
  But every sense of bliss was dead.

When first these lovely scenes I view'd,
  A common landscape met my eye;
And no peculiar charm endued
  A spot that might with Eden vie;

Till sweet Rosillen, charming maid!
  Awak'd my fancy's latent power;
And precious now is every shade,
  And wing'd with joy is every hour.

Thus Iphigene, with magic art,
  To a new life the clown awoke;
And love, transfixing Cymon's heart,
  The spell that bound his senses broke.

So Dawnay, witless late as he,
  Shall grateful sing of Vesprin's grove;
And proud no more of liberty,
  Yield to Rosillen, and to love!"

Dawnay patiently heard these verses out, and then only said—" You are not

the first person who could put rhymes together, without being a poet." But he said this so gravely, that his friend did not chuse to urge his raillery any further; and, directing his discourse to some other subject, thought no more of the jest.

That day, all the party at Castle Vesprin dined at Little Tufton, and having spent the evening there also, did not take their leave till it was time to go to rest, when, to the surprise of all, Dawnay, on wishing colonel Cranswick good-night, asked him if he had any commands into Yorkshire, as he should set out upon his return thither very early the next morning, and consequently reach home before him?

"*To-morrow* will you set out?" said the colonel; "I thought you would

have

have travelled at the same time with us, that we might have been together at the inns where we stopped upon the road."

"You are very good, and I am much obliged to you," replied Dawnay, speaking very fast; "and I am very much obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Charnley too; but I have been a long time from home, and I know they will want me at my farm; and so I am under the necessity of going to-morrow: so I wish you a very good-night, and I wish Miss Vandeleure a good journey; and I hope, Horatio, you will be no worse for the length of it." Having said this so rapidly as to prove his fear of interruption, and his wish to have done, he repeated his thanks more particularly to his kind host and hostess, and to their son, whose arch looks he dreaded, and was most impatient to

escape

escape from; and was the first to take up his candle, and walk off to bed: and the next time colonel Cranswick saw him, he was crossing the park at Dorien Court, in his agricultural costume.

The fact was, honest Dawnay was most soundly in love, and most oddly ashamed of himself for being so. He never had suspected his heart was sliding from him, till the vexation he felt at young Charnley, for his raillery and his verses, initiated him into the secret; upon which discovery, he chafed much like a young colt when first put into the breaking-bridles. But, luckily, all his chafing availed him nothing, for he found himself just as partial to Miss Vandeleure in Yorkshire as in Cornwall; and he could not, by all the ploughing and sowing in his power to perform, drive her out of

his

his head. This was a most severe blow to him, and wholly unexpected. His strange mortification rendered him extremely irritable, whenever his brother or sister laughed at him, which they frequently made free to do; for his tragi-comic distresses soon became apparent to his own family, as soon as the joyful agitation, occasioned by colonel Cranswick's return with his restored son, and Miss Vandeleure, subsided.

From Horatio, we learned, with amaze ment which could only be equalled by our indignation, the particulars of his detention abroad, related by him in the following terms.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Dire Revenge.

"It was about six weeks after our settling at Venice, when count Warensky, a Polish nobleman, arrived there from Florence, where, half-a-year before, he had married a most beautiful young lady, a native of that city, named Fiorabella di Lucchesini. She was considerably younger than her husband, whose jealousy she seemed rather proud than fearful of exciting, by all the encouragement she could give to the most numerous train

train of admirers that any woman in Venice could boast of.

" Lord Vesprin's fifty-nine years could not shield him from the influence of her attractions. His admiration was undisguised, except in the presence of Warensky, whom he affected to commiserate on the score of his wife's conduct, till the credulous Pole fairly believed him one of his sincerest friends; and so frequently invited him to his hotel, that I, who generally accompanied his lordship to his evening parties, had numberless opportunities of seeing the fair Florentine.

" As the preference of such a woman cannot be flattering to any man of delicacy, I trust I shall escape the charge of vanity in freely saying, that the little notice I took of her piqued this lady's pride, accustomed as she was to univer-

sal

sal adoration; and she took some pains to seduce me into a passion for her, with the view, most probably, of overwhelming me afterwards with her scorn.

"Finding, however, after a fair time of perseverance, that I was too dull an instrument for her to play upon, she desisted; and, I am sorry to say, lord Vesprin persuaded count Warensky to believe that she desisted only in consequence of having succeeded. Of this circumstance I can have no doubt, because a friend of mine, a young Venetian, of honourable principles, accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which established the fact. My friend lost no time in acquainting me with it; and I immediately adopted the resolution I invariably adhered to afterwards, of never again re-entering Warensky's

rensky's house. The jealousy of the Pole, nevertheless, was maintained, probably by the same person who had directed it against me; and lord Vesprin, no doubt, found his account in thus removing all suspicion from himself; for, notwithstanding his age, the elegance of his address, aided, perhaps, by the circumstance of his being a foreigner of distinction, rendered him still acceptable to ladies of a gay turn, and particularly to Fiorabella.

"I had not even seen that lady for some weeks, when the miserable accident you have heard of happened to poor Frederic Vandeleure. I can give you no particulars of it, beyond those you have already so long lamented. He continued insensible several days, and only awoke from his torpid state to convince his father

ther that his intellects were entirely deranged. In person and features also, he was materially altered. I had always been reckoned very like him, but the resemblance existed now no more. This similarity, it is probable, suggested to lord Vesprin the plot he now contrived.

"There was to be a splendid masquerade at the marquis of Acromboni's, to which we were both invited; and I went, though I concluded count Warensky and his wife would be there. No person knew my dress but lord Vesprin, for I had not supposed it at all necessary to conceal it from him. Fiorabella's I was ignorant of, till, having drawn me somewhat aside from the company, she unmasked for a moment, but suddenly turned from me, saying, in Italian—'*Begone! he is behind you.*' I looked round,

and

and beheld a figure in the habit of a Spaniard, who, I suppose, was her husband; but, having no reason either to seek or shun him, I walked away, with all the unconcern I really felt, although convinced that lord Vesprin had apprized the lady of my dress.

"After a few hours, I began to tire of the scene; and, leaving the room, went below to resume my hired gondola, and return home. But in the avenue to the great rooms where the company were, I observed the same Spaniard posted in an obscure corner, with two men in common clothes, who, at the instant of my passing by, shot out of sight through a door behind them, leaving the Spaniard in his former place.

"Not thinking there was any thing particular in this slight circumstance, I

proceeded without suspicion, and fearlessly stepped into the same gondola I had been brought in, which rowed away very swiftly till we got from amongst the crowd, when, suddenly, two men started up from the bottom of it, where they had, till then, laid concealed beneath some cloaks, one of whom I immediately recollected to be in the service of lord Vesprin, and both, I am certain, were the same I had observed in conversation with the Spaniard. He who belonged to lord Vesprin, assisted by a gondolier, instantly secured my arms, while the other bound a handkerchief so tightly over my mouth, that I was as much disabled from creating any alarm, as from struggling with the ruffians, who repeatedly assured me they would do me no harm, provided I gave them no trouble. They now rowed

ed on, with the utmost expedition, till we came into deep water, where a light vessel was lying at anchor, which they forced me on board of, and which stood away for Trieste; the two men accompanying, and keeping strict guard over me. By the discourse that passed between them and the people belonging to the vessel, I discovered, without being able to contradict the falsity, that I was represented as an enemy to the Venetian state, and was, by order of the government, about to be removed to a place where I should have sufficient leisure to repent of the mischief I had meditated. I was not, however, ill treated; but, upon disembarking at Trieste, was more closely watched than before, by the two men, who never lost sight of their charge, and immediately placed themselves beside me,

in a carriage which appeared to be in waiting.

"I endeavoured to learn from them whither they were taking me, whenever they removed the handkerchief from my mouth, for the purpose of allowing me to take food; but they said I should know in time, and that I had a long way to travel before I arrived at the end of my journey.

"A long way it was indeed; and the expences of my expedition were certainly defrayed jointly by lord Vesprin and Warensky. My companions did not conceal from me the names of the places through which we passed. Having crossed the Drave, we proceeded to Buda, and from thence to Tokay; when, traversing a wildly-mountainous country, we entered the confines of Poland, and I was made

made acquainted with my miserable destination, which was an iron mine upon Warensky's estate, upon the banks of the river Horin, near Zaslaw.

"At the entrance of this frightful place, my comrades bade me farewell, after delivering me into the hands of the overseer of the miners, who, taking from me my own clothes, ordered me to assume the working-dress he furnished me with.

"Till that fatal moment, I had preserved my spirits undaunted, and hope had never forsaken me. But God only knows the sinking of my heart, and how my thoughts fondly turned to these happy scenes now before me, when I was let down into the wretched abode of misery and darkness, and fancied that my residence there was doomed to be for life. But a merciful Providence or-

 dained

dained it otherwise. I will not dwell upon this sad part of my story; neither, indeed, did it furnish any incident, save that which led to my escape. This was the friendship I contracted with an old man, who had been so long habituated to his situation, that it was no longer irksome to him. He was a native of Austria; and as I could speak his language well, he loved to converse with me of his own country, where I had so lately been. Upon my acquainting him with my true story, and the station I had filled in life, he was moved to compassion; and undertook my deliverance, which he enabled me to effect, after I had been above two months in that mournful place.

"He had a grand-daughter married to a peasant in the neighbourhood of the mine; and she occasionally came to see him,

him, and bring him clothes, and sometimes better food than the allowance of the mine. On one of these visits, old Friedenstein suggested to me, that, by changing garments with her, I might be drawn up in her stead at night, and thereby restored to liberty, without exciting suspicion; while he was certain of her not being detained longer than while the deception was kept up, to favour my evasion. I made some scruples, nevertheless, upon account of the young woman, apprehending she might be punished for the service rendered to me; but Friedenstein bade me fear nothing upon that score; for that the overseer having formerly attempted to seduce her, a fact she had hitherto forborne to make public, felt himself too much in her power to proceed against her.

 "Satisfied

" Satisfied by this assurance, I joyfully gave in to the plot, which, fortunately for me, succeeded in every particular. The husband of the young woman, necessarily admitted into the secret, furnished me with a horse, and accompanied me till I reached the great road leading to Cracow, when he returned with the horse, leaving me to pursue my laborious journey on foot. At Cracow, I had the good fortune to interest in my favour a person of distinction, to whom I related my romantic adventure, and who kindly gave me a sum sufficient to take me to Vienna, where I had many acquaintances, and even friends. By their assistance, I equipped myself, and procured comforts to which I had long been a stranger; and after a week's repose, being intent only on returning to England

England as soon as possible, I set out for Ratisbon, from whence, by the way of Luxemburgh and Cambresis, I reached Dieppe; and there I was confined several days by a fever, resulting from the fatigue I had undergone.

"When I recovered, I found I had a very trifle remaining of the money which had been lent me at Vienna; but so near England, my poverty gave me no uneasiness, and I took my passage in a vessel bound for Plymouth. A storm succeeding, blew us very wide of our destination beyond the Land's End; and after beating about for three days, the vessel was wrecked off Padstow Haven; a few only of the crew being saved in the boat, which landed us at the mouth of the river Allan.

"Anxious only to return to my friends

and home, I calculated falsely upon my own strength, and thought of walking at least to Bristol; from whence, if I found myself unable to proceed, I intended writing to my father; yet I hoped, by avoiding that measure, to spare him all anxiety upon my account until we met; little thinking of lord Vesprin being already in England, and of the imposture he had practised. At the end of a few miles, however, I was painfully convinced of the impracticability of my undertaking; and at the moment Miss Vandeleure met me, was sinking under the exertions I had made.

"What my feelings were when I found myself under lord Vesprin's roof, and protected by the humanity of his amiable daughter, I need not dwell upon; yet since I could not explain the difficulties

ties I had been thrown into, without accusing him, though I then was far from surmising the whole of what has since become apparent, I resolved to conceal myself from Miss Vandeleure's knowledge till a future opportunity; and forbore writing into Yorkshire, in the hope of being soon able to reach it in person."

Upon hearing this strange story, which so clearly developed the abominable motives of lord Vesprin's conduct, we were all ready to exclaim, in scripture language—"Of what desperate wickedness is the heart of man capable!" Even Wanley, when compared with this new aggressor, seemed comparatively innocent. It is true, he had swindled a young lady from her friends, and cheated tradesmen of their goods; but lord Vesprin

had meditated the robbery of an estate; and had Horatio sunk beneath the effects of his cruelty, his death, in the eye of Heaven, must have been murder.

Sir William urged colonel Cranswick to expose and punish him to the utmost—"Punish him I will," said he, "most severely; and I have a bitter revenge in view; but for the sake of Rosillen, who preserved what he had devoted to destruction, he must not be held up to public opprobrium. From *her*, let us carefully conceal that her father could be base enough to make such an advantage of the words of my uncle's will; for, to one of her disposition, it will be sufficient unhappiness to know that her brother is insane."

Colonel Cranswick then agreed with sir William and his son, that they would

the

the next day go to York, for the purpose of examining the German and the old Frenchwoman, who had, it seems, been attached to the person of the fictitious Horatio for many years; and Miss Vandeleure was freely told that her brother was under the care of doctor H. for a mental complaint, the consequence of an accidental misfortune. She was very much shocked at the information, and attributed the ignorance of it, wherein she had been held by her father, to the tender solicitude with which he endeavoured to spare her feelings, until it was known whether the malady was or was not remediable. Nor did a secret so dreadful to her transpire till after her father's death.

When colonel Cranswick reached York with sir William and Horatio, his first

concern was to inquire of doctor H. after the state of his patient, whose improvement he was assured was considerable—"Thank God," said he, "the revenge I meditate would otherwise be incomplete. Let us go and satisfy ourselves of this fact, before we convict the miscreants."

Accordingly they visited Mr. Vandeleure, who, after the first surprise of seeing strangers, recollected the colonel, though he had not any remembrance of sir William. His amended state was most proved by the connexion of his discourse, his knowing where he was, and his composure on being approached; whereas his anger, formerly, had always been excited whenever any person came near him, excepting only his own two attendants.

Perfectly at ease now on this subject, colonel Cranswick directed his thoughts

to another, which he called of less moment; and desiring the German and Douci to stay in Mr. Vandeleure's room with sir William till his return, he stepped down stairs, and immediately bringing back Horatio, presented him to them, and asked them if they knew who he was?

The change in Fridswid's complexion to a deadly white, and a scream from the old woman, were an answer sufficiently explicit to his question. As he continued sternly looking at them without speaking, they dropped down upon their knees, and implored he would have compassion upon them, as poor foreigners in a strange land, where they had no friends; and justly consider them as having been seduced by lord Vesprin's bribes to further his wicked designs. They both protested their ignorance of what had be-

fallen the real Horatio, whom they had been taught to believe dead; and said they conceived there could be no harm in assisting lord Vesprin to bring home his own son, in the character of the deceased.

Upon further inquiry, it appeared that they had each been assured of receiving one hundred pounds a-year for life; and as a proof yet more complete, that lord Vesprin's disposition was not degenerated from what it had been of old, the respectable Madame Douci acknowledged that her daughter, who was Fridswid's wife, had long been kindly maintained by his lordship, who divided with her husband the credit of having four fine children.

It would be extremely difficult to express the indignation which was manifested by her English audience at this confession.

confesssion. Sir William and Horatio turned from her with disgust and silent scorn, while colonel Cranswick, after contemplating for an instant the mortified and pusillanimous countenance of the German, exclaimed, in the genuine language of an honest Briton—"D—n you all together for a parcel of scoundrels! I hope your three united nations can produce nothing worse; and I am only grieved that there should be an Englishman amongst you!"

"My dear fellow," interposed sir William, "they are not worth your anger. Dismiss them, and they will find their own way to the devil."

"Or to lord Vesprin," replied the colonel; "and there is very little in it. However, lest they should mistake their road, I will give them a letter properly

directed

directed to him, which they shall set out with this very day, unless they prefer being delivered over to the lord mayor of this city."

Fridswid knew enough of English law not to hesitate upon this alternative, and therefore very thankfully availed himself of the liberty allowed him to convey his own person, and that of his mother-in-law, to their noble patron, with the following letter, which colonel Cranswick addressed to him at his estate near Leek, in Staffordshire.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint your lordship that my son is considerably improved, not only in health and spirits, but likewise in situation, since you

you left us; and his memory is now so perfect, that he begs I will assure your lordship he will never forget the care you have taken of him, nor the happiness you designed him. He has an entire recollection of the manner in which he left Venice, and of his improving travels into Poland; only lamenting the expence they must have occasioned to your lordship, who know how to make so exalted an use of your fortune. The iron mine has also left an indelible impression upon his grateful heart; and has wrought in him such a habit of improving an estate to the utmost, that he hopes, when you confer upon him the honour of a visit at Hunter's Hall, you will find it as much increased in value as improved in appearance.

"I will now, my lord, quitting this irony,

irony, proceed to mention the revenge I mean to take for the irreparable injury you have tried, but failed, to do me; it will be a severe one, for it will follow your lordship to the grave.

"Having removed from about the person of Mr. Vandeleure the two base wretches to whose care he was committed, I shall continue him under that of doctor H. by whose skill his intellects are already much recovered, either until you think fit to reclaim him as your own, or until his sanity is perfectly re-established, which his physician gives hopes may soon be the case. Horatio Cranswick your lordship endeavoured to beggar, and to destroy. Frederic Vandeleure shall, if it please Providence, through my means, be restored from idiotism to himself and to the world.

"I have

"I have only to add, that the good and amiable Miss Vandeleure, who is now at my house, has been spared the knowledge of your lordship's capacity for, and inclination to be, a villain.

"I remain, with a degree of esteem suitable to your lordship's merits, your obedient servant,

"EDWARD CRANSWICK."

The situations of the two vile foreigners were immediately filled by two worthy persons appointed by doctor H. to wait upon Mr. Vandeleure; and he did not continue above a day, to shew any uneasiness at the change. As soon as colonel Cranswick observed him to have recovered his usual tranquillity, he returned with sir William and Horatio to Dorien

Dorien Court, where it was not the least of his happiness that he could impart to Miss Vandeleure such an account of her brother as led her to hope she might soon see him with satisfaction.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Picture.

LOTHAREA still continued at Dorien Court, inseparable from Edella, to whom she appeared, if possible, more warmly attached than ever; and between the congenial dispositions of these two young ladies, and that of Rosillen Vandeleure, a tender friendship was readily formed, which promised to be as lasting as it has since proved, being founded neither upon fashion nor romance, but on a mutual conviction of each others amiable qualities.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cranswick, engaged in a new pursuit, gave them little disturbance. A very *young* man, in every sense of the word, raw from school, and wholly ignorant of the world, though son to a respectable alderman of Doncaster, had taken it into his head that some airs which Miss Barbara Guineaman very indifferently copied from a few fashionable belles, during her summer campaign at Scarborough and Harrowgate, were charmingly becoming; and that she herself was, to use his own phrase, a sweet, elegant girl; and it being known that the worthy 'squire at Liverpool intended to give her a large fortune, his father fancied the opinion might be well founded. He did not, therefore, discourage his son's passion, though he averred he should have liked the young lady

lady better, had she been the colonel's niece, instead of Mrs. Cranswick's. However, as there was no doubt of her being the rich old gentleman's daughter, this irremediable disadvantage was overlooked, and the wedding actually agreed upon, to the inexpressible satisfaction of Mrs. Cranswick, who now looked forward once more to the pleasure of swimming in her own element—chusing finery, receiving visits and congratulations, dressing, and dining out.

Lotharea's peculiar situation prevented any call upon her to join either in the bustle of preparation, or the gaieties of the nuptials; and soon after the celebration of the latter, the happy pair, chusing to spend their honeymoon at Liverpool, and Mrs. Cranswick thinking proper to accompany them thither, the colonel

colonel felt at liberty to devote himself wholly to his beloved son and daughter, and to the friends nearest to his heart.

Of these, Lotharea alone was a source of any disquiet to him. Horatio was happy as the intended husband of Miss Dorien, who, with chastened affection, had rejoiced at his return, and secured his love and esteem, by the constancy with which she had remembered him in absence, and labouring, as she supposed, under the most deplorable of all maladies. But Lotharea, of whose nominal husband no tidings had been received, bound by conscience, though free in law, was daily and hourly feeding in Henry's bosom a seductive passion, which, by imperceptible degrees, gained ground upon her own heart. The falsehood, meanness, and hypocrisy of her former choice, stood

stood contrasted against the honour, integrity, and manly character of Henry Dorien. What a dangerous subject of contemplation for a young woman, who, being accustomed to love him as a brother, was in no fear of a more tender affection! When he took his accustomed seat by her side—when he read to her the books she liked best—when he strolled with her into her favourite walks, she mechanically suffered his attentions. He had been the friend of her youth; she forgot he had been her lover.

But this recollection was at length forced upon her; and with it came the knowledge of her own altered heart.

Immediately after Wanley's evasion, the lease of the house at Felton Hill had been disposed of; and the upholsterer

at York, who sent the furniture, agreed to take it back, at nearly its original value. The same plan was adopted respecting the collection of prints, which had been represented as once belonging to the imaginary Milloughby; but there was one article, brought into existence by personal vanity, which neither tradesman nor artist would take in part of payment of his debt. This was a whole-length portrait of Wanley himself, admirably painted; and this, Lotharea, from respect to the man she had once called her husband, gave secret orders to have sent to her. She being then at Dorien Court, it came thither; but, by mistake, was directed to sir William; and his house-steward, unsuspicious of the truth, had ordered the case to be opened, as was usually

usually done on the arrival of any new piece of furniture, and more especially of any picture.

It was unpacked in a large lumber-room, one morning when sir William was out; and was set up at its length, leaning against the wainscot, behind the door. The young people had all been walking, and upon their return, Lotharea, Henry, and Edella, accidentally wandered into this room. Lotharea was first, and chancing to turn her eye round the door, the figure of Wanley caught it. Not having been told the picture was come, she started in surprise and affright, and caught the arm of the person next to her. It was Henry's; and she felt his support at that moment the support of a friend. Her face dropped upon his shoulder, and he folded her to his heart.

 "Oh,

"Oh, my dear!" cried Edella, "why have you preserved this picture? Let us leave it, I entreat you, and begone."

Receiving no answer, she took Lotharea's hand, and would have drawn her away, but Henry held her fast—"You shall not take her from me," he cried; "nor shall any human power separate us now."

"Oh yes!" said Lotharea, raising her sweet countenance, bedewed with tears, "it is time—it is *full time*—I *dare not* stay with you!"

She tore herself from him, but the word she had uttered was luminous to him. From that moment his self-possession was no more. He talked, he thought but of her; and his devotion became so extreme, that sir William determined upon the painful task of interfering.

"Henry,"

"Henry," said he, "on the third morning after this scene, you are destroying your own peace, and with that inclusively, the peace of her you love, and of all those who love you. With Lotharea's notions of what is conscientiously right, you have no chance of obtaining her hand, and therefore you must—nay, my dear Henry, I will say, you *shall* part with her."

"Sir," replied Henry, "no son ever held a father dearer than I hold mine; but the being lives not, Lotharea herself alone excepted, who shall influence me to leave her."

Sir William started; but after a moment's pause, he laid his hand upon his son's arm, and said—"Henry, I forgive you!"

Henry Dorien lowered his face, and

his father embraced him—"Your hasty expression is passed," said he; "and I know you will not repeat it. There is danger here—such danger as it is merit to fly from; and therefore I repeat, you must begone. Lotharea herself will enforce the injunction."

"When she does, my dear father, I hope there will be a commission vacant in some regiment going abroad."

This was a hint beyond what sir William had expected. It taught him that precaution was needful, not to drive into despair, the lover whose disappointment and long-protracted sufferings he could not but own entitled him to commiseration; and his first measure was to consult with colonel Cranswick upon the subject. The result of their conference was, that Lotharea, having now staid some weeks

at

at Dorien Court with her friend, should remove to Briar Lodge, from whence, when Miss Vandeleure terminated her visit into Yorkshire, she should, accepting that young lady's invitation, accompany her into Cornwall.

The colonel proposed this scheme to his daughter, without, in any degree, adverting to the motives by which he was stimulated; but Lotharea, by her eagerness to meet it, shewed she was aware of them. She had, however, much opposition to encounter, for Edella, biassed against her own judgment by her partiality for her brother, and by his solicitations that she would prevent her friend's departure, aided his entreaties by all her own influence; and then Lotharea freely unbosomed herself to the sister of her heart.

"Do not," said she, "endeavour to detain me here, unless you wish me to become a prey to self-reproach. My affections, driven home again by the unworthiness of their first possessor, are in danger of yielding to those merits I have too lately become sensible of. I feel that your brother is creating for himself an interest in my bosom, which, so long as I consider myself, in the eye of Heaven, Wanley's wife, must undermine my peace."

"But why," said Edella, "should not the law——"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Lotharea, "but I will never consent to a public proceeding against the unhappy man. It is better that I should, for the present, go to my father's house; and as Rosillen talks of returning to Cas-

tle Vesprin in another fortnight, and has urged me to stay with her there till Christmas, I hope, by the time I come back; that——"

Lotharea was too sincere to proceed. Edella perceived it; but forbore, through delicacy, to pursue the subject. In fine, Henry was obliged to submit to what he grieved at, considering it only the commencement of a long and tedious separation.

"I am very unfortunate," said he. "My sister is beloved by Horatio, and as soon as he can take possession of his own house, he will receive her hand. Dawnay might be happy, if he could gain his own consent to become so; for his oddities seem, in Miss Vandeleure's opinion, to be overbalanced by his merits. But *I* have no prospect, save that of lingering out a

joyless life at a distance from the only woman I can ever love, because she chuses to consider herself bound in honour to a man who broke through every law of honour to acquire an imaginary right over her."

Thus he complained, and deeply his complaints affected Lotharea, whenever he could prevail upon her to listen to them; till at length Miss Vandeleure, by fixing the fatal day of her departure, awakened them both to a still keener sense of anguish. She announced it one evening for the second day following; and colonel Cranswick, aware of the expediency of his daughter's removal, forbore to urge her longer stay, and only expressed his determination to attend her home.

All was gloom, the next morning, at

Briar Lodge, where the family from Dorien Court were assembled, to enjoy, until the last, the society of Miss Vandeleure and Lotharea. The latter and Henry avoided each other's eyes; and those of Edella glistened at the thought of what they each suffered, and at her own approaching loss in Lotharea's departure. Colonel Cranswick asked Dawnay if he meant to go, after breakfast, to Westwood?

"I have not given it a thought," replied Dawnay; and after a pause, and a general silence of some minutes, turning to Rosillen, he added, "You might as well have staid a little longer, if it was all the same to you."

"Indeed," she answered, "it would not have been all the same to me, for I should infinitely have preferred staying

 longer;

longer; but Mrs. Silstone's last letter leads me to think my father will soon be at Castle Vesprin, as the steward had received orders to prepare for his coming, before she wrote it; and I am sure all my kind friends here will agree with me, that I ought not to be absent when he arrives—a father whom I have not seen since I was a child."

"Have you not heard from himself?" said colonel Cranswick.

"No, indeed," she replied, "not since his return into England. I generally used to hear from him about twice a-year; but of late, I think it has been scarcely so often."

Dawnay, with an indignation he could not wholly repress, muttered to himself—"One might as well have no father at all!"—and then a silence, which no one had

had spirits to interrupt, again prevailed. In the course of the morning, Horatio rode over to the rectory at Dorien Court, to invite my nieces and myself to dine at his father's; and it being the last day of Miss Vandeleure's stay, he would take no refusal. We went; but not even the merry Miranda could inspire with any-thing like gaiety a group of friends who bitterly felt the necessity of parting from each other. Lotharea avoided giving Henry Dorien an opportunity of saying any thing to her in private, and acknow-ledged to Edella she dared not trust her-self to hear him. *He* looked, and felt himself wretched; and the two anxious fathers deeply lamented the unhappiness of their children. The appearance of Dawnay, also, I shall never forget; it pre-sented the very image of restlessness and

perplexity, yet could searcely fail of exciting a smile, when it was recollected that all his embarrassment was of his own creation; for he had every cause to believe that he stood sufficiently high in Miss Vandeleure's favour; and from his actual circumstances, and sir William's intentions respecting him, he had no reason to apprehend a refusal from lord Vesprin, in case of his making proposals to his daughter. But *there* was a Rubicon Dawnay dared not pass; and when I once asked him why he did not own a passion every body perceived, his answer was—"One would look so silly, you know, if one was to repent having said any thing afterwards."

There was a very silent separation of the party at night. Every body had a great deal to say, but their hearts were

too full to give it utterance. The post-horses were ordered for ten o'clock the next morning, and only the sentence of —" I shall see you again to-morrow"— could be heard from any mouth.

To-morrow came, a most unwelcome day. The horizon was so lowering as to threaten wet and cheerless weather; and Henry and Edella pressed Miss Vandeleure to defer her journey till there was a more favourable sky—" Oh no, no," said she, " that would be only to prolong this painful task of parting. Besides, consider, my dearest friends, that if you will let me come back after Christmas with my cousin, we shall not be separated for such a *very* long time."

" It is a pity to set out in the rain, too," said Dawnay; " and I believe we are going to have a very wet day."

A servant

A servant just then entered the room to say the post-horses were come, and to ask if they were to be immediately put to the carriage?—"Yes," replied colonel Cranswick in a firm tone, designed to preclude all contention; and at the same time receiving from the servant's hands the letters and newspapers just brought from Doncaster. "Here is a letter for you, my dear," said he to Rosillen, "from your father. You will now learn from himself how soon you are likely to see him at the castle."

She took it, and walking away to a bow-window, sat down to read it. Henry, vaguely hoping for any thing that might delay her journey, attentively watched her countenance; and after she had read with composure some minutes, observed her start. Yet she did not

not speak till she had finished the whole; and then letting the paper drop, and gently putting her hands together, she exclaimed—"Good Heavens!"

"What, what?" cried Henry.

"Oh, what?" said Edella.

"Must you still be obliged to go?" asked Dawnay.

"My dearest sir," said Rosillen to colonel Cranswick—"the letter!—read the letter!"

Alarmed by her agitation, he received it from her; but with a hand that shook, and while every anxious eye was fixed upon him, read these words:—

"MY DEAR ROSILLEN,

"IT gives me infinite concern that I was not able to see you during my

stay

stay in England, as I was under the necessity of accelerating my journey to Castle Vesprin, and could only stay there three nights before I crossed the country, and embarked for Ostend, whence I now write to you, and hope you are perfectly happy in the society of the amiable families you are with, enlivened as they doubtless are by the prospect of a variety of agreeable intermarriages. Such domestic felicity is really delightful; and nothing can more clearly prove the charming qualities of those who enjoy it.

"I hope colonel Cranswick will not suffer the trifling insult put upon a near connexion to disturb its even course; as there can be no doubt the officer who called his son-in-law, one Wanley, a liar and an impostor, had been misinformed. At any rate, it must always be a consola-

tion

tion to the colonel, to reflect that the affront was duly expiated. It is here said, that Mr. Wanley behaved really much more like a gentleman than could have been expected, until the very last.

"I have the honour to present my compliments to all your party, particularly to colonel Cranswick, whom I shall always be most happy to serve; and remain, my dear Rosillen,

"Your very affectionate father,

"VESPRIN."

When colonel Cranswick ceased to read, and while horror and suspense prevailed, I saw, still unopened, another foreign letter, addressed to himself, lying upon the table—I gave it to him. Trembling with a variety of contending emotions,

tions, he ran his eye over it, till Lotharea's agitation convinced him it was better to acquaint her at once with the contents of it, than hold her in such dreadful uncertainty.

It was from captain Morrison, the officer with whom Wanley had been most intimate during the time the regiment he belonged to continued at Doncaster. Wanley, with the remains of what his extravagance had left him, bought the commission which that gentleman's brother wished to give up; and on his leaving Doncaster, posted, without delay, to Harwich, where he arrived just in time to sail with the regiment; but he was slightly looked upon by such of the officers as were still at Doncaster when the discovery of his real circumstances was made. By Morrison, however, the worst

part

part of the story was hushed up, and the intervention of business of more moment prevented its circulation.

At length, nevertheless, stronger suspicions arose; circumstances were brought to light; whispers ensued, which soon became loud reports; and Wanley was publicly branded by an officer in the same corps, who conceived the regiment disgraced, with the epithets of swindler, liar, and cheat.

A challenge ensued of course. Morrison acted as Wanley's second; and Wanley, having slightly wounded his enemy, received a shot in his breast, which brought him to the ground. He was carried to the house where Morrison and he lodged together, and where he lingered two days before he died, in the entire possession

possession of his senses, and sincerely repenting of the part he had acted.

As soon as the contents of this letter were fully known, Lotharea was led out of the room, and Miss Vandeleure's journey was, of course, no more mentioned. A decent solemnity prevailed throughout the house; and colonel Cranswick and his daughter mourned as if the unfortunate Wanley had been legally the husband of the one, and the son-in-law of the other.

It is now a year and a half since this dreadful punishment of a most unparalleled imposture took place; and Lotharea is at present rewarded by Henry Dorien, for the sorrows inflicted upon her by Charles Wanley. The house at Thornyhurst is fitting up for the reception of those for whom it was originally designed;

l; and sir William rejoices in the
ought, that when they remove to it,
ey will still be within three miles of his
n door.

Lord Vesprin died at Brussels not many
nths after he returned abroad; and
on, with restored intellects, leads a
ed, tranquil life at Castle Vesprin,
kely to marry; in which case, as
tle will become extinct at his death,
mily property will be inherited by
er and her heirs.

Cranswick prefers the society at
ool so much to that at Briar Lodge,
is rarely at home; and the va-
e leaves there is supplied by
and Edella, whenever they are
nter's Hall.

e good old farm-house at West-
now concealed by a shrub-
bery,

bery, that divides it from a very elega cottage, built in a romantic situatio which was pointed out by Miss Vand leure; to whom Dawnay, at length, d closed the important secret that he rea did believe he could not be quite hap without her. He makes a most excel husband to a very charming wife; still, when rallied on having falle love, notwithstanding all his cautio never fails to reply—" Aye! but not do so till I had got my far complete order, and had little else It is excusable enough for a man ry when he has no better employ

FINIS.

Lane, Darling, & Co. Leadenhal